

# MERRY ENGLAND.

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DECEMBER, 1890.

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## Christmas Carol.

**L**ACKING *samite and sable,*  
*Lacking silver and gold,*  
*The Prince Jesus in the poor stable*  
*Slept, and was three hours old.*

**A**S *doves by the fair water,*  
*Mary, not touched of sin*  
*Sat by Him:—the King's daughter,*  
*All glorious within.*

**A**LILY *without one stain, a*  
*Star where no spot hath room—*  
*Ave, gratia plena—*  
*Virgo virginum.*

**C**LAD *not in pearl-sewn vesture,  
Clad not in cramoisie,  
She hath hushed, she hath cradled to rest, her  
God the first time on her knee.*

**W**HERE *is one to adore Him?  
The ox hath dumbly confessed,  
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,  
"Et homo factus est."*

**N**OT *throned on ivory or cedar,  
Not crowned with a Queen's crown,  
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her  
Maker from Heaven come down.*

**T**HE *trees in Paradise blossom  
Sudden, and its bells chime—  
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,  
Her immaculate milk the first time.*

**T**HE *night with wings of angels  
Was alight, and its snow-packed ways  
Sweet made (say the Evangelists)  
With the noise of their virelays.*

**Q**UEM *vidistis, pastores?  
Why go ye feet unshod?  
Wot ye within yon door is  
Mary, the Mother of God?*

**N**O smoke of spice is ascending  
There—no roses are piled—  
But, choicer than all balms blending,  
There Mary hath kissed her Child.

“**D**ILECTUS meus mihi  
Et ego Illi”—Cold  
Small cheek against her cheek, He  
Sleepeth, three hours old.

MAY PROBYN.

*The Protestant Samaritan.*

CATHOLICS have had so many reasons for regarding the Protestant philanthropist as a natural enemy to poor Catholic children, that they find it difficult to realise he is not necessarily a proselytiser. Yet, at this present moment, numbers of delicate or destitute little Catholics are not only deriving inestimable physical advantages through the kindness of so-called non-sectarian societies, but are doing so with every proper consideration for their spiritual welfare. It is because those societies do so much already, and because they might do so much more if Catholics would come forward in greater numbers and co-operate in a corresponding spirit of charity, that I propose giving a few practical details of the good work which is being done for us—always under the fatherly eye of the Cardinal Archbishop—by various agencies outside the Church.

The word non-sectarian, as applied to societies, has on the face of it rather an alarming sound to sensitive ears. It has too often meant riding rough-shod over all our most cherished feelings, and a total disregard of our religious principles. Dr. Barnardo, I believe, has the audacity to call himself non-sectarian on the ground that he receives waifs and strays of all denominations, calmly ignoring the fact that he does so with the deliberate intention of passing them all, *volens nolens*, through the Low Church Evangelistic mill. But Dr. Barnardo is a relic of the first and most elementary stage of social philanthropy, that of injudicious proselytism. In the second or intermediate stage, proselytism is replaced by a well-meaning indifference to all religious creeds—the stage in which the philanthropist con-



scientiously ignores the religion of his *protégé*, and extends his charity to all alike. The third and final stage is that which has been attained to by the various societies of which I am about to speak, and in which advantages are denied to none, but are distributed with a scrupulous regard for the religious faith of the recipient. In other words, the moral welfare of the child is not entirely subordinated to the physical, and destitute parents are not placed in the cruel dilemma of having to decline for their children immediate material benefits, or run the risk of ultimate spiritual loss. Hundreds of our poor Catholic parents have bravely and persistently chosen the former course, but hundreds more have accepted the latter alternative—and who has the heart to blame them for it?

Perhaps there is no society to which little Catholic children have more cause to be grateful than the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Started some seven years ago in Whitechapel, by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, it now possesses an active committee in every district of London, and this year sent away a total of about 22,000 children into the country for a fortnight's fresh air. It was in the spring of last year (1889) that I was first asked to join the Marylebone Committee, and take charge of the children from the Catholic School in Homer Row, none of whom had been sent into the country in the previous summer owing to the impossibility of finding a Catholic worker to undertake the necessary arrangements. The St. James's, Spanish Place, Schools had profited by the Society in the preceding year, and did so again last year, sending the full allowance of ten per cent. of all the children on the school register, amounting to about forty boys and girls each year. So far, however, no other Catholic school in Marylebone had been asked to join the Society. This summer, thanks in great measure to the kindness of our local secretary, four other Catholic schools were given the option of sending children through our Committee, and it is needless to say that the school authorities joyfully accepted the offer, as

soon as I had explained to them the principles on which we work. Thus 102 children, or more than seven per cent. of all the Country Holiday children from Marylebone, came from Catholic schools. And this number does not include the St. James's children, for Canon Barry withdrew from our Committee in the spring, on receiving from Mrs. Jeune a generous gift of £50, which allowed him to start a private fund of his own, through which he sent sixty children into the country. But here, again, the good work was done with Protestant money.

And now, what are the safeguards adopted by the Society in order to ensure that the faith of the Catholic children can in nowise suffer? (1) Catholic children are only sent to places where there is a Catholic church. (2) They are sent by preference to Catholic homes; but where this is not feasible, the Protestant cottagers are informed that they must send the children to Mass each Sunday. (3) The Catholic children are sent down in parties by themselves, and are never mixed with Board school children.

These conditions were laid down by the Cardinal for the guidance of the committees when, in the summer of last year, he allowed his name to be added to the list of Vice-Presidents of the Society. I had been asked to draw his attention to the work carried on by the Society amongst Catholic children, and His Eminence not only went thoroughly into the whole question, but expressed himself amply satisfied with the arrangements made, and has since then taken the warmest interest in the progress of the work. Thus, no priest nor teacher in London need have the slightest hesitation in profiting by the generosity of the Country Holiday Fund; and I can add, from my own personal experience, that not a single Marylebone child has missed Mass while in the country, that the country homes have been invariably satisfactory, and that in no single instance has there been any religious difficulty of any sort.

I have spoken only of the work done by the Marylebone

Committee, as coming under my personal observation, but I ought to add that Catholic children are sent through nearly every committee of the Country Holiday Fund. A number went from the schools connected with the English Martyrs' Church, on Tower Hill, through the Whitechapel Committee, and I have before me at this moment a letter from Father J. Maher, of SS. Mary and Michael, St. George's-in-the-East, informing me that ninety-one of his children enjoyed a happy fortnight of fresh air this summer, and speaking in the highest terms of his local committee.

I think, then, all Catholics must admit that they receive a full share in the benefits of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. And how much do they give in return? As regards money, I believe I am correct in saying that not £5 was given in Marylebone by Catholics to the local fund this year; while £50 would probably more than cover the whole amount of Catholic subscriptions to the Society. One other point must be borne in mind. The Fund very rightly requires each parent to contribute, according to his means, to the expense of the child's outing. The Catholic parents are, as a rule, amongst the very poorest in the community, and it is therefore inevitable that their contributions should be, on an average, lower than those of Board school children. In Marylebone, at any rate, the Committee makes full allowance for the poverty of the Irish-Catholic population, but the funds of the Society are, of course, the losers thereby.

But the question of money in the present instance is not nearly so important as the question of personal help. Catholic workers are wanted badly on every committee of the Country Holiday Fund, and it is quite certain that many more Catholic children might profit by the charity if only local workers were forthcoming. It is a standing rule of the Society that each school should be represented on the local committee by a visitor, who is responsible for the children of her school, and

who, if possible, should belong to the parish. The common sense and convenience of the arrangement is palpable to everyone. But in Marylebone, last summer, this rule was a dead letter as regards the Catholic schools, owing to the impossibility the parish priests were in of finding lady-workers. I myself represented no less than five schools, and the work of looking up the children and collecting the payments, etc., could never have been carried through but for the energetic help afforded by the Blandford Square Sisters of Mercy, who, however, were prevented by the rules of their Order from sitting on the Committee. Surely the Society are justified in expecting that when they provide the money, the country homes, and the organisation, each school should provide, on its side, a capable representative? If this is not done, the school children—who come back rosy, and strong, and happy from their fortnight's holiday—are the first to suffer; and in the long run a sense of grievance must arise in the minds of the committee against those who show themselves so lamentably unappreciative of the benefits offered. The work is particularly absorbing, only lasting through the summer months; and anyone who feels tempted to volunteer for the work will receive every help and information on applying to the Secretary, at the central office, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand.

There is a less well known, but thriving, little society, which steps in for the benefit of children between the hospitals and the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and which is also deserving of Catholic support. I mean the Invalid Children's Aid Association, which has its home at 18, Buckingham Street, and of which Mr. Allen Graham is the Hon. Secretary. This Society looks after permanently delicate or crippled children in their own homes, provides splints, spinal carriages, crutches, etc., places each little invalid, when possible, under the care of a lady visitor, and when necessary sends them to convalescent homes. Children of every denomination are tenderly cared for;



but it naturally occurred to Mr. Graham, after he had had several Catholic children on his hands, that the best person to befriend a Catholic child would be a member of its own Church, and that to send a Catholic child for weeks, or perhaps months, to a Protestant Home, was not an absolutely satisfactory arrangement. And yet, as a non-Catholic, he was of course ignorant of the very existence of many of our Homes, or of the means of obtaining admission to them.

Fortunately, after some trouble, a certain amount of Catholic interest was forthcoming. The names of the Duke of Norfolk, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, and the Rev. Thomas Seddon (Archbishop's House) all figure on the Council of the Society; I myself act as visitor to any Catholic children in Marylebone, and at this moment have one little girl in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, another at St. Mary's Convent, Southend-on-Sea, and one or two more in their own homes. St. Joseph's Home, at Bournemouth, has been a great boon to the Society, no less than three little boys having been sent there in the course of this summer, one of whom has had the good luck to be nominated to a free bed for an indefinite period. More Catholic visitors are, however, sadly needed in different parts of London, as well as subscribers' letters to Catholic Homes, to which the more serious cases can be sent. Indeed, the Society fulfils its self-appointed functions with such a genuine desire to do the very utmost for its little charges, and with such a gratifying absence of official red-tapeism, that it is well worth while for anyone with philanthropic interests to become an annual subscriber, in order to be justified in applying to Mr. Graham for advice or assistance for any difficult case.

One very welcome form of help is to permit one's name to be inscribed in the so-called "Golden Book" of the Society, thereby allowing the Secretary to appeal to one occasionally for a subscription in aid of any specially expensive and pressing case. It is so much more interesting to give help to a particular ailing

child, than to suffering childhood in the abstract. Of course, such help would only be asked from Catholic members on behalf of children belonging to their own Church.

It would be unfair, in this connexion, to neglect mentioning the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the splendid work carried on by it under the direction of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. Luckily, ever since, five years ago, the names of Benjamin Waugh and of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster appeared side by side as joint authors of an article on "The Child of the English Savage," in the *Contemporary Review*, Catholics have had their attention drawn to this good work; and only a few weeks ago, in an interview with a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Waugh said that "Cardinal Manning's friends, especially Lady Herbert of Lea, do great things for the Catholic children who come to us." Nevertheless, it may be a surprise to some to hear that, according to the most recent statistics supplied me by the Secretary, over a hundred Catholic children have been received at the Harpur Street Shelter during the last six or seven years, of whom about twenty-five have been sent to Catholic Homes, and about fifty-five to Catholic Industrial schools, whilst the remaining twenty live at home with their parents, under the supervision of the Society's officers.

Probably everyone will remember the ludicrously indignant epistle written by Dr. Barnardo to Mr. Waugh some months ago, in which he announced his withdrawal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on the ground of its subservience to Popish influences. Nothing could have exemplified more strikingly the fundamental difference in the mental attitude of the two men on the subject of Christian charity. In the course of last year I had the pleasure of being taken over the Refuge at 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, by the Director himself, and on my making inquiries as to his Catholic children, he assured me that every child on being discovered to

be a Catholic was made to recite morning and evening a Catholic prayer approved by Cardinal Manning, and on Sunday morning was sent to Mass under charge of a Catholic lady. Similar arrangements are made for the Protestant and Jewish children. The following lines, taken from one of the yearly reports, express so thoroughly, not only the religious attitude of the Society, but the attitude which in time we shall hope to see adopted by every society in England, that I do not hesitate to quote them: "Religious provision for such children as have to be separated from their parents, it leaves to be made by the community to which the child belongs. Your Society, as such, has no concern whatever with the question whether a child is to be a Catholic or a Protestant. The Church it belongs to, where its parents are living, is that of their wish; where its parents are dead, that in which it was baptised. Even where it involves much trouble and search to find out in what Church baptism was administered, search is made, and nothing is settled until the lacking information be obtained." As a result of this unsectarian broad-mindedness, we read that "Five years have Jews, Protestants, and Catholics worked together without so much as even one single word of theological discord."

The truth, then, which we ought all to grasp thoroughly, is, that a great deal of philanthropic work can be done by unsectarian agencies, not only as efficiently from the Catholic standpoint, but a great deal more thoroughly from the humanitarian standpoint, than can be accomplished by rival sectarian bodies, even if we possessed—which we do not—the means and the energy to start separate Holiday Funds, separate Invalid Associations, separate Refuges for ill-used Catholic children, or what not. I do not believe the ultimate result of separation would be as satisfactory as that of an extension of the mixed system. Any movement which breaks down religious exclusiveness and intolerance is good of itself. But there is a still more practical and immediate advantage to be gained by non-sectarian societies.



A strictly Catholic society is apt to get hold only of the regular attenders at a Catholic place of worship. The vast fringe of indifferent, non-practising Catholics, amounting in London alone to many thousands, scattered through all the back courts and alleys of the slum regions, are frequently never reached at all. Even their own parish priests do not know them. They turn for help to any institution that comes handy : Dr. Barnardo or Father Barry is all the same to them when poverty and hunger are at the door ; and it is only by the presence of Catholics on these mixed philanthropic bodies that we can hope to trace them out, and transfer the children, at least, to healthier surroundings. Yet, surely, these are the very people we want to help the most? It is probably no exaggeration to suppose that of the eighty children, who, thanks to Mr. Waugh, have been placed in Catholic Homes, not one had the chance of being properly educated in its Faith, had it been left to the tender mercies of barbarous parents and guardians. I myself last summer, as visitor to the Invalid Children's Aid Association, came across a woman who was so bad a Catholic that she was ashamed to own to her Faith and is never to be seen inside the parish church, but who yet had just so much grace left in her as to persistently decline to send her delicate daughter to the Protestant Home that had been repeatedly offered. It was only after infinite questioning that the truth at length transpired, and I elicited the fact that the girl had been christened a Catholic. Hopeless drunkard as the mother is, she gladly consented to have her daughter placed in a Convent school, where, at least, she is safe from the miserable degradation of her home surroundings.

There is no virtue in these *fin de siècle* days on which Englishmen pride themselves more than on their religious toleration ; and although, in too many cases, it is only a cloak for complete religious indifference, still it is undoubtedly founded in great measure on our enlarged conception of our duties to humanity.

It is true we have hardly arrived yet at the disinterested impartiality manifested by the United States Government at one of the foundling hospitals in New York, in which the Catholic priest and the Protestant parson take it in turns to baptise the unhappy little infants on their arrival. But, taken all round, there is no country in Europe in which Catholics enjoy such absolute freedom of worship and so much consideration as in England. It is, therefore, all the easier for us to join hands willingly and cordially with philanthropic bodies of every denomination, and to abandon once and for all the attitude of suspicious reserve which was the inevitable and unhappy outcome of centuries of repressive legislation. Fortunately, we have an example of the most perfect charity amongst our own people ; and we have only to go to Nazareth House, Hammer-smith, to see men, women, and children of every denomination gladly welcomed and housed by the good Nuns. Here, at least, everyone will admit that the non-sectarian principle has been worked with the most admirable results.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

## *My Ghostly Lover.*

### I.

“**S**O you have proved that nothing is true but what we can see and understand?”

“I beg your pardon. The senses can be deceived as easily as the reason. What I have attempted to prove is that not the senses, but science is the one sure basis.”

“Yet science plays a very small part in life. Who, for instance, would marry on a scientific basis?”

“I consider that in marriage also, scientific certitude is the only sure basis on which happiness could be built,” said another lady.

This speaker was, I had been informed, a very great person : a sort of Highland chieftainess ; the queen of an ancient castle and of trackless deer forests. Her name was Esmè Mackenzie. It was an unexpected quarter from which to hear such a doctrine, for one naturally supposes belief in the supernatural to be ineradicable in such a *fin de siècle* Highlander, to say nothing of the lady's being a Catholic. To her I had been introduced that afternoon as the author of a pamphlet on “Psychical Research.” She had read my work, which had made her extremely anxious for my acquaintance.

“She is a very clever girl,” added my hostess, “but a little peculiar, and sometimes, I think, hardly orthodox. She came to town to attend classes and lectures, not to go into society.”

I met her several times afterwards. She was extremely handsome and undoubtedly clever, and I soon discovered that I was deeply in love with her. Whether or not my passion

rested on a scientific basis I did not pause to ascertain: perhaps I dared not acknowledge how completely her beauty subjugated me—the mere glamour of her presence; I had flown in the face of my own elaborately proved theories. She did not show the least sign of love-for me. She was as cold and deep in her stately reserve as one of her own Highland lochs. Our conversations were almost entirely limited to the scientific discussion in which she was so profoundly interested: by her choice, not by mine.

“We have so many really well-authenticated ghost stories in Scotland,” she said once, flushing as if she were afraid I might believe her despicably credulous by mentioning them. “The evidence for them seems sometimes strangely strong.”

“No evidence whatever would make a person of ordinary intelligence and absence of prejudice believe them,” I returned.

“Not even if you saw or heard?” she said nervously. “Not even your *own* senses?”

“Not even my own senses,” I returned firmly. “Not even *your* assurance that *you* had seen and heard.”

“I have never seen or heard,” she said in a low tone, with a strange look in her eyes.

“We return to Scotland to-morrow,” she said.

“To-morrow!” I could not control my voice in the great surprise. We were in a crowd upon a staircase, her chaperon Mrs. Macleod, close behind. My face and voice must have betrayed all my love, but there was no reflexion of it whatever on that beautiful mask of hers: no faintest regret at this sudden ending of an intimate friendship six weeks long.

“Good-bye,” she said, in her cold way.

We were so wedged into the crowd that I had some difficulty in freeing my hands to take hers, which I aimed at somewhere beneath a bouquet she was carrying, and amongst her hanging lace. I was so pained and affronted that I meant to say good-bye as indifferently as she did.

To my amazement, I felt my hand clasped lingeringly, tremulously, down under the blessed screen of those flowers and laces. Need I say I returned that pressure? My blood was on fire with joyful surprise: my brain reeled.

Her grave eyes met mine. A smile just touched the statue-like lips. She had understood: my hand had told her all as forcibly as my lips could do. She knew all: I might hope!

"May I call in the morning?" I whispered, as I took her hand again when she was settled in the corner of the brougham. This time a quite irresponsive hand; but that kiss of palm to palm was with me a supreme moment, and might not be vulgarised by repetition. She started slightly: her great eyes looked troubled and their lids fell.

"Yes, if you like," she said quietly, and in the electric light from the hall I could see that she was very pale.

## II.

NEXT morning found me in the Green Street drawing-room that for two months had enshrined my goddess: my queen of mountain and glen: my spirit of the fell and flood. I found her alone. She was kind, but quite impassive. She betrayed no consciousness at all of the delicacy and romance of the situation. I began to wonder if I had dreamt that encouragement of last night.

"You leave for the North to-day?" I began.

"To-night," she said indifferently. She was busy with some pretty needlework. A tangle of bright skeins lay in her lap. She looked carefully through them as if there were nothing to consider more than the next colour.

"Then I have called too early," I said; "I thought you would leave——"

"Oh, no!" she said, starting slightly, and dropped a skein of silk. She stooped to pick it up.



I groped for the skein on the folds of her dark gown in the shadow of the window-curtain ; and I touched a hand groping beside mine. I clasped it, and it did not draw away ; nay, I was sure that it tenderly returned my clasp as it hung loosely at her side. Then I lifted the dear fingers to my lips.

"Here it is!" she said, fishing up the skein with her right hand at the other side.

I dropped the hand I had caressed, amazed at her matter-of-fact voice. "Then, Esmé," I said, "you know I love you, and I think you love me?" She sat silent, her hands folded on her knee. She did not look angry. How could she, seeing that she had encouraged me? But between her eyebrows there was a frown. My courage would have failed me utterly at the sight of her face, had it not been for the memory of those tender touches.

"Will you marry me, Esmé?" I whispered.

"Yes," she answered gravely.

I bent over the fair folded hands and kissed them. I felt a responsive touch upon my cheek. Her face was calm and grave. How little it told of the warmth within!

I stayed with her all that day. Mrs. Macleod was about busy with final arrangements. I told her of our engagement, and she did not receive the news very cordially. "I'm sure I hope it may be for the best," she said dubiously. "Esmé ought to know what she is about. Has she told you about her—um—her *circumstances*?"

"We have not discussed such matters," I answered scornfully.

It was settled that our wedding should take place in four weeks' time, at her own Castle of Dugaldsay. She had consented to the early date suggested by my impatience in a quiet way that looked like resignation to fate, and chilled me. I told myself that I prized her reserve ; it was a guarantee of her proud, high purity ; yet my heart cried out for a little warmth.

Only in the darkness of the brougham, on our way to Euston, did she soften, and for one moment I felt a soft cheek touch

mine, a loving hand laid in mine. Then the lights of the station flashed into the carriage, and showed me only Esmé shrinking away from me in her corner as if she were ashamed of having thrown aside the mask for even a moment.

### III.

"DEAR old fellow, you know me, and you can trust me. You may be angry and call it libel, a base unfounded slander, and I would not mention it if I were not sure that there is *something*. All I say is, look before you leap ; there can be no harm in that. You are such a cool, practical fellow, I cannot understand your doing anything hastily. One expected you to analyse and classify even your wife. I know she has been on the point of marrying several times. Harry Lavie of ours told me so, for one, and will not mind my mentioning his name. One man after another has fallen in love with her, good fellows ; and it has always come to nothing, for no reason that anybody can find out. No complaint has ever been made by her friends that she has been jilted or badly used. There is a mystery, and would you marry a mystery ? Lavie says you will never marry her. The engagement, as usual, will come to a violent end. So look before you leap."

The writer, Fred Earnshaw, was my bosom friend. He was with his regiment in Canada, and this was his answer to the announcement of my marriage.

But these dark histories had not repeated themselves : that villain Lavie's prophecy was unfulfilled. To-morrow we were to be married. Everything had been satisfactorily settled. Lady Shanklin, who had introduced us, spoke warmly of Esmé ; so did her uncle and guardian, Colonel Mackenzie. No mystery was even thought of : no secret hinted at. All was well.

Excepting Colonel Mackenzie and Mr. Sworder, her solicitor, there were no wedding guests. A man always professes to dislike a gay wedding, but I confess I thought a group of bright



girls would have relieved the gloom of the old Castle. Not even the smiles of the bride sufficed to dissipate the gloom, for she never smiled save in the wintriest way. I grew more and more uneasy, feeling a horrible dread lest she repented of our engagement. She did not care to be alone with me. She seemed to avoid all chances of a *tête-à-tête*.

I rose early on the wedding morning. The clouds had passed: the sun shone in at my window and the scent of the heather came with it. The loch, so black yesterday, was blue and shimmering. A good omen: and there was Esmé out on the hill.

I was with her quickly. She was standing anxiously watching a cloud that had come over the sky. Almost immediately we found ourselves enveloped in drizzling rain. A deserted cottage was near and I took her in. I was determined on an explanation before it was too late.

"Esmé," I said gravely—she started, for there had been a silence of half-a-minute during which we had stood watching the rain—"you do not seem to be happy. Remember, it is not too late"—she looked up alarmed, even wild—"to put our marriage off. We have not known each other long. If you wish for more time——"

"Oh, no, indeed," she said earnestly, "I shall be perfectly happy when we are married. It is only the uncertainty that is so trying. I keep thinking the wedding will never come and be over."

"My Esmé!" I answered her, drawing her close to me, all my doubts set at rest by her words. "If the time seems long to you, it has been ten times longer to me!"

She merely sighed in reply. Then I saw the clouds were breaking, and stepped forward to the door of the hut to look at the weather. To my surprise and delight I found my hand seized behind me and passionately kissed. I turned. Esmé stood, dim in the darkness. She had let her hands fall straight at her sides.

"Why are you so capricious, Esmé?" I complained. "Why are you one moment all love, and then like a little Puritan or a naughty child, pretending you haven't done it?"

She turned away a pale face and seemed ready to sink to the ground. Then, recovering herself, she said: "Why do I do it? I suppose it is my way. Let us go home. It is quite fair."

I had no opportunity of atoning for my mistake in wounding her shy pride, for her maid appeared with waterproof and umbrellas, and we all returned to the Castle together. I saw no more of Esmé until she came to me in the drawing-room, all in her bridal white, on Colonel Mackenzie's arm, and the ceremony began.

I was exceedingly nervous. Esmé's extraordinary manner increased the natural nervousness of a bridegroom enormously, else I am sure I should never have been guilty of such awkwardness. First, when I had to take her hand in mine, the priest said, in an annoyingly audible whisper, "Her hand—take her right hand in yours."

Then I saw that Esmé was holding out her hand, which trembled very much, but that my own was empty, though I was sure I had been holding hers quite firmly. Then when the ring business came, the priest said: "Her left hand; put it on her thumb first." I was bewildered; and the next thing was the priest whispering in desperation, "What are you doing? Put the ring on her thumb—there, I knew you would do it!"

And lo! the ring had fallen to the ground, though I felt perfectly certain I had put it on at least one of Esmé's fingers. Her cheeks were crimson, and her small teeth were pressed on her lip. I picked up the ring, placed it in great confusion upon finger after finger, and we were married.

#### IV.

WE had been man and wife for two months when, one day, I met Fred Earnshaw in Piccadilly. After the first moment of

pleasure at seeing him back from Canada, his unpleasant hint about my wife rushed into my mind and stiffened my hand even as he grasped it.

"You are not offended, Bob, are you?" he asked anxiously. "I am awfully sorry I wrote that letter; but I am sure you will believe I only meant to act by you as a friend. I know that you are married and that I was too late—I mean, that you could only think me an impertinent, meddlesome ass. Don't bear ill-will for it, old boy. I beg your pardon from the bottom of my heart if I caused you any annoyance."

I accepted his apology, and presently we were walking towards the Park. Dear old Earnshaw! He was always the most impulsive, but the best hearted fellow in the world. One could trust him for anything. We had not walked very far before I felt just as ready to confide in him as I had done in our Harrow days, when many a time he had helped me out of a scrape. Yet, would it do for a bridegroom of two months' standing to confess, even to the friend of his bosom, that he had not found married life to be the absolute perfection of happiness, and that it might contain mysteries to which he held no clue?

Mysteries most irritating, yet not very tremendous after all. Nothing more than the extraordinary variableness of Esmé's manner towards me, and the unaccountable look of pained anxiety that so often troubled her dark, deep eyes. Day after day she would be grave and silent, seemingly quite uninterested in the places we visited; also, I could not but fear, uninterested in *me*. Yet, just when I felt convinced that she was unhappy and could not love me, she would give unexpected contradiction to the suspicion. I felt my hand suddenly caught and caressed, a gentle touch upon my shoulder, a kiss as we sat in the summer darkness of the Italian ilex groves. Then, as I turned, I would see her face grave to terness; and I told myself that I must be silent and patient,

and trust to time to do away with that strange reserve, and to show why she put so absurd a restraint on the love that so evidently lurked beneath her icy exterior.

We had just returned to England; and once, while we were away, the cloud of mystery was pierced by a lightning flash. We met Lord Lerwick in the Tyrol—and all the world knew that he had once been engaged to Esmé. He greeted her courteously, as an old friend; but what annoyed me was the intense curiosity with which I detected him observing me several times, and the strange look of fear and warning with which she met him, and her feverish insistence that we should at once leave the place.

This was how things stood when I met Earnshaw in Piccadilly. Lunching at White's, we met a common friend, who, in this autumnal solitude, hailed us as a shipwrecked mariner hails a sail.

"I have been at Trouville, and am passing through to Scotland," he explained: "going to Glenroona, Colonel Mackenzie's place. I start to-night. By the way, Yates, I may have the pleasure of meeting you there. He is your uncle-in-law, isn't he?"

"Yes, but we go direct to Dugaldsay. We shall be delighted if you and Earnshaw can find time to take us on your rounds."

"Thanks, awfully," said our friend, whose name was Jerningham: "charmed first of all to make the acquaintance of your wife, and then to make that of the family ghost. I have been dying for years for an encounter with a real, undoubted, well-authenticated family ghost. A couple of nights will do the trick, I suppose. By-the-bye, Yates, how do you get on with that member of the family? A little less common than a mother-in-law, I should imagine, but nearly as trying."

"I never heard of any ghost," I scoffed. "I have only slept one night at the Castle, and then I certainly was not disturbed. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I daresay you will find as



much material for a future account of your experiences as other people do."

"Ah! I remember. You are a strong disbeliever in ghosts and all that sort of thing, yet I should have expected you to be converted by now. If all tales are true, the ghost does not reside permanently at Dugaldsay, but follows the chieftain—the Mackenzie of Dugaldsay, for the time being, in close attendance on his person. Since your wife is now the head of the family, you should be on the most intimate terms with her attendant spirit. A party of three get to know a good deal of each other in two or three months. Poor Lerwick!"

I should have thought simply nothing of this farrago of nonsense had I not just then received a sharp kick on my shins under the table. That it was not intended for me, I saw directly in the look of ominous warning directed to Jerningham from Earnshaw's eyes.

Jerningham stopped short, and looked confused beyond description, then stammered something about "confounded rot," and asked me if I had seen "Ravenswood"—he had a couple of stalls for that night he did not want.

I could not talk. All my vague uneasiness rose and swelled and strengthened into form. There was a mystery these men knew, and not I; there was that vague perplexingness about my wife, and there was the memory of that meeting with Lord Lerwick that suddenly became the connecting link between the two things. I sat in silence. I suppose the others must have felt that matters had gone wrong past mending, for Jerningham soon took his leave, and there was no one about but the apparently deaf waiters.

"I have never heard this ghost story," I said to Earnshaw, as we sauntered away. "I don't care to ask my wife about it, she is nervous. I wish you would tell me what you have heard of it. I am gathering materials for another article on illusions, don't you know? It is not the hour or the weather for a ghost

story, but the sunshine and the hurrying humanity passing will test its terrors all the better ; and I say, Freddy, what did you mean in your letter about a mystery ? Tell me frankly. You know I can trust to your kindness and sense. Surely you could not suppose that a family ghost story could be an objection ; an obstacle to my marriage ?”

“Well,” said Earnshaw hesitatingly, “the ghost was obstacle enough to prevent her marrying Lerwick and Arthur Foley and the others.”

“Others !” I exclaimed indignantly.

“You need not be jealous, old chappie. It does not say she cared for any of them. Her guardian, old Gavin Mackenzie, made up all the matches one after another. There is no doubt the men were all madly in love. It reminded one of those fairy tales where the princess has husband after husband, or lover after lover, and they all died or something directly. Not that there was any real engagement that one ever heard of, except to Lerwick, and that only for a day. They all seemed to be frightened off—it is said, by the ghost. The Colonel ought to have told you all about it ; but I suppose he thought that, as you were so positive as to the utter impossibility of a ghost, it was no use risking the lady’s happiness by what you would have considered a ridiculously needless confession.”

“Of course it would have been ridiculous ! Not marry her because there was a family ghost ! Why, one takes such stories for granted in an old Highland family.”

“You see, this is such an unpleasant sort of ghost. One you can *see*, however appalling to behold, you might get over. One is, so to speak, used to them. But a ghost whom you can never see nor hear, yet who is always near enough to be felt—a ghost who kisses, makes love to, and pets you——”

He stopped. My senses had stopped too, frozen by a sudden horror. Then I found voice to ask, “What do you say ? Where is this ghost to be seen—to be found, I mean ?”

"I am awfully sorry," apologised Earnshaw, "but there is either nothing in it or you would have found it out. They keep it as quiet as they can. Jerningham knows because he is some sort of relation ; and Lavie, who told me, has a ghost of his own, being a Scotchman, and knows all about the Dugaldsay ghost. His people live near. The Colonel should have told you. Cannot you see him? Jerningham says he is in town."

"Thank you, Freddy. It is best I should hear the rest from him. I'll see you later."

I went to Long's. Colonel Mackenzie had not yet arrived, but was expected to arrive at Charing Cross by the Continental train. It was intolerable to wait. I could not go to my own hotel ; I could not meet Esmé—Esmé and that *thing*: the invisible ghostly hand that might touch me, the terrible unseen lips. I wandered to the Green Park and flung myself upon a seat to think.

Then it was not Esmé who had been so loving, who had been kind and had caressed me. I might not have loved her and married her had it not been for those few signs of love. Was it Esmé I had married? Was it not that other who had sought and won my love ; on whose very finger I had first put the ring, from which it fell to the ground ?

Every incident came before me with awful distinctness. Which was my wife? Or was I a bigamist? No : for marriage requires full knowledge and consent. Then my marriage with Esmé could not be a true marriage. It was contracted without knowledge ; on false pretences ; a false basis. Then there came back to me the talk about marriage on a scientific basis.

Suddenly a hand touched my shoulder. I must have jumped ; for before I dared look around I heard a sarcastic voice say : "You are an uncommon nervous gentleman. It's a dangerous thing to fall asleep in the parks, Sir. I saw a boy put his hand into your pockets just now, and make off. I shouted, but I was too far off. I couldn't make you hear." Confusedly, I felt in



my pockets. My watch, pocket-book, and silver cigar-case were not there. I had certainly not been asleep, yet someone had come near enough to rob me, whom I had neither seen, nor heard, nor felt. What use were one's senses after all?

The annoyance and consequent action served to clear my mind. My informant accompanied me to Vine Street, and by the time I reached Long's at seven o'clock I saw what a simpleton I had been to believe in and be troubled by such a wildly impossible and absurd story. Colonel Mackenzie received me in his frankly cordial way; a strong, healthy man, untroubled by indigestion or hysteria. I was considerably dismayed to see how grave he looked when I began my tale. After all, he was a Scotchman, a Mackenzie; one of the proprietors of the ghost, jealous for its reputation.

"During all the time that you have known Esmé, do you mean to say that you have never felt that unseen presence, or been touched by an unseen hand?"

"Never!" I maintained stoutly, for of course no one but Esmé could have so touched me, said common sense.

"It is strange," he said thoughtfully. "Lerwick, Foley, and the rest—none of them superstitious men, all firmly convinced of the absurdity of such apparitions—*felt* her hands upon them, felt her even kiss them!"

"Of course, they knew the story beforehand?"

"Possibly; but they did not believe it until they had proof."

"Who is the ghost supposed to be, and why do we never see it? Other ghosts speak, and cry, and groan. This one never does—as far as I have heard," I added hastily; but I saw that Colonel Mackenzie guessed what I had experienced. "How can a spirit be solid and tangible? What is the legend?"

"It is the spirit of Elspeth Mackenzie, who lived in the time of Queen Mary, and, like Esmé, was the chieftainess of our sept of the Clan Mackenzie. The story goes that she was a proud, beautiful woman, passionately loving, but too proud ever

to acknowledge that she loved. She liked power, and would not make up her mind to share it. Her cousin and next heir, Dugald Mackenzie, was in love with her. She returned his love, but would not give him a kind word. So out of pique he left her, and the Queen and Court, sided with Murray, became a Protestant, and married a Protestant. We are all descended from him, and have all been Protestants until Esmé returned to the faith of her forefathers, as you know. Elspeth, in remorse, drowned herself in the loch. Then Dugald came to the Castle as chieftain, and she began at once to make herself very disagreeable to him. She evidently wished to make up to him for her coldness while alive. Her punishment seems to have been that she must in the spirit long for ever for the love she had spurned in the flesh. He never saw her: no one ever saw her. But he felt her hands and lips and arms touching him; and the horror of it drove him crazy. Since then, she has devoted herself to every chief of Dugaldsay in turn; and now she has directed her attentions to Esmé's lovers—who do not appreciate the favour. Esmé herself has never been conscious of her presence. We hoped that with a woman as head of the family the persecution had ceased; but when Lord Lerwick came forward it began again. Esmé knew this story, poor girl, but she was very plucky. She read up all the books she could get upon such subjects, and made herself sure that a ghost could not be; bitterly resenting the folly of those who were deluded and actually influenced, like Lerwick. She declared she never would marry a man who could not laugh at the legend of Lady Elspeth's ghost."

I took the Colonel into my confidence. I told him of my wife's strange caprices: her coldness and her sudden fits of affection. "It is a disagreeable position," he said; "we should, perhaps, have told you—and yet—you were so confident of the non-existence of disembodied spirits who could manifest them-

selves to the senses. We settled that if anything should happen, then it would be time for Esmé to be your informant. I suppose she had not courage enough, poor girl, and that is the secret weighing on her mind which makes her seem cold and absent. She knows the effect the circumstances had on others and may be afraid of losing your affection. My advice is—go at once to Esmé and tell her all you have heard and experienced. I *know* that she loves you, and I am confident that things may be put right.”

## V.

I TOOK Colonel Mackenzie's advice. I found Esmé waiting dinner for me though it was nine o'clock. After dinner I told her all.

“Then it was not me whom you loved,” she said sadly. “You would not have loved me except for——”

“Are you *sure* you never clasped my hand, Esmé? that it was not you after all?”

“Oh, never! I never dared; I was so ashamed of my cowardice in not telling you all. I felt such a cheat, such a thief! It would have seemed like Judas to kiss you so. Dear, you must not be angry and think me superstitious. I don't believe in ghosts one bit—as a rule—but something *must* be done to stop it. I have asked the Bishop to come, and perhaps he will exorcise her; any way he is going to say Mass here for the first time since the Reformation.”

“But how can I, of all people,” I protested, “ask a Bishop and priests to come with bell, book, and candle, and incense and holy-water, to exorcise a ghost that I have proved cannot possibly exist? Why, not a Bishop in Christendom but would laugh at the idea in this nineteenth century. The thing is impossible. We must simply live the stories down.”

“Then, lo! a strange thing happened,” to quote Mr. Black. Esmé was sitting at the opposite side of the table, holding her

cup and saucer in her left hand, while with the right she was dropping sugar into the tea. My eyes were upon her. The room was brilliant with electric light. We were in the Savoy Hotel; most modern of London hotels. I could not be mistaken. Yet at that moment I felt clinging arms about my neck, a wet cheek pressed against mine: a tangible somebody who was coaxing, beseeching, imploring.

I said hastily to Esmé: "It shall be as you wish. I don't believe it one bit, neither in the ghost, nor in Masses, nor in exorcisms; but, if it pleases or satisfies you, it shall be done."

Then I felt a quick, grateful kiss upon my cheek, and the arms relaxed—were gone!

## VI.

IN due course the Bishop arrived at the Castle, and his chaplain, and then to him the tale was told. By an odd coincidence the ghost went when the Bishop came; and I have often wondered whether, after all, there really ever was any ghost at all.

ALISON BUCKLER.

*Leaves from Father Anderdon's Letters.\**

Stonyhurst, February 1st, 1881.

**A** FEW days ago I should hardly have been able to write to you. I fell in the quadrangle during the frost, the very last day before the thaw, and might have broken my left arm. Mercifully I escaped with rather a badly sprained wrist. You and I are in some respects under the same trial: constant occupation with details. More than forty "philosophers" coming to me for everything under the sun—and I am obliged to learn the law and tradition about all sorts of things, and sometimes to extemporise legislation. But let us try to look *through* these things, and see Our Lord behind them all, smiling in love, encouraging and repaying the meanest service, in the most trivial detail, that is done for Him. . . . Do not over-estimate the frost. After all there may be a great deal of coldness and dryness consistent with real devotion. For what is devotion but a heart and will devoted to God? It is not a question of feeling, but of *will*. Sensible devotion and sweetness are great and consoling boons when given, but they do not constitute the essence either of prayer or of acceptable obedience.

Stonyhurst, March 5th, 1881.

Think for a moment what "a cloud of witnesses over your head" is ever beckoning to you along the very path by which they attained their eternal Sabbath, and the fellowship of Saints and angels. How many passages of the Psalms, that store-house of consolation under all states of soul, must come home

\* These letters were addressed by the Rev. Father Anderdon to a variety of correspondents whose names it has not been necessary, in most instances, to publish. The letters addressed to each correspondent are grouped together: thus disarranging the chronological order. To the owners of the letters, who have placed them at Father Goldie's disposal for the purpose of illustrating the Memoir published last month, the Editor begs to offer his best thanks.



to you when you think how the Holy Ghost there expresses the present severe trial, and the over-payment of the future reward.

Stonyhurst, April 1st, 1881.

I am very sorry not to have written. . . . It was, I assure you, simply that my work is of an exacting and engrossing kind : this you may suppose from the outlines of it which (I think) I once gave you.

Stonyhurst, April 6th, 1881.

I do not know what Dr. Hook says of the Council of Trent : probably that they were *new* doctrines. No, they were merely the expansion and definition of the good deposit of "the faith once delivered to the Saints" (St. Jude i. 3 : see 2 Tim. i. 13, 14), as the Nicene Creed was an exposition of the Apostles'. "Consubstantial with the Father" was rendered necessary by the heresy of Arius, as "Transubstantiation" was by that of Luther.

June 7th, 1881.

On Saturday the 18th, I am to go to Manchester till the Monday. I fear there is no chance of your being in those parts? Then I am tied again here till August 2nd, when we have our Long Vacation. My plan is to go straight to Ireland for a week or so, then to return to St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph's, North Wales, for my long Retreat of thirty days, and then, till October, go wherever Superiors may send me. . . .

We each have our cross, apportioned to us by Infinite Wisdom and Love ; e.g., poor Father Fitzsimon, who, after a long life of usefulness to souls, is slowly dying in our infirmary from cancer in the face.

Stonyhurst, July 22nd, 1881.

. . . We are called upon to serve and to suffer until the time of reward comes. And that service is demanded, and suffering given, in various ways, according to the disposition of Him Who knows us so well, and loves us so unimaginably. It is a special trial to feel oneself alone ; but at the same time it affords special opportunities of *cultivating* the nearness of God, learning it as a science, and now and then (when He gives a gleam) basking in the sunshine of it. If you have any version of the "Spiritual Exercises" read attentively what St. Ignatius

says in his "Rules for Discerning Spirits," especially the second set.

Stonyhurst, November 26th, 1881.

. . . Do not let yourself draw comparisons between the mere accidentals of what may be attractive outside the Church, and the solid blessings you have within. That is the temptation of a certain class of minds, but it argues, perhaps, a want of appreciation of your real wealth. Is not one Communion enough to over-pay the lack of all besides?

Convent of the Sacred Heart, Cliftonville, Brighton,  
August 23rd, 1882.

I hope it will be a satisfaction to you to know that I am returning to the Holy Name, from College life to the more congenial work of the Mission. I was determined not to ask for it, but am certainly thankful it has come.

February 6th, Shrove Tuesday, 1883.

The report in the *Guardian* was accurate, as far as it went, but, of course, fragmentary. The sermon was an hour long, and naturally, for public interest, they reported those portions in which names and persons came in unavoidably. My two points, after dwelling on the contrast between those miserable divisions and Catholic unity, were :

- (1) The inherent divisions in the Anglican body, from its origin and constitution.
- (2) The secular end to which it finally gravitates.

The question is one of principle, and is not affected by the personal character of the parties ; unfavourable, we will suppose, on the Bishop's side, favourable on that of the clergyman. This more concrete and personal view naturally comes before you with some prominence . . . but it is what lawyers call a collateral issue, or rather it does not enter into the real question. A clergyman of less zeal and good qualities would not have raised the difficulty.

Manchester, April 2nd, 1883.

Do we dwell enough, for our comfort, on that expression in the Psalms (cxxv. 5, 6, 7)? The proportion of present trial to future reward is as a grain of wheat to a sheaf: a sheaf of Oriental multiplication.



Manchester, December 11th, 1883.

If all is well, I go to Grantham—a world of a way off—to lecture, the day after to-morrow.

Marnhull, January 20th, 1884.

. . . I am writing against time, but should like to be able to furnish you at length with a remedy against any perplexity arising from the “goodness” and “earnestness” of Protestant clergymen, and others, coming across your field of observation. We are so utterly ignorant of the state before God of any individual soul; and, on the other hand, we are so sure that “without *faith* it is impossible to please Him.” What are works of benevolence, or religious services, undertaken from any principle but that of faith? Now, how much of faith, how much of self-will, and the spirit of party, with many other imperfect or evil motives, may enter into a given act, we shall never know till the day when all things are revealed.

. . . Hope Scott I knew at Oxford, and afterwards at Rome. A man exceptionally gifted in several ways, his life must be very interesting.

Manchester, March 3rd, 1884.

It is a great thing to co-operate with our non-Catholic friends in all things where there is no “religious difficulty.”

. . . The fact that we may not sympathise with the tone or approve the taste of workers for good objects, ought not to hinder us, where no *principle* stands in the way.

Manchester, June 18th, 1884.

. . . External contact with the Faith never leaves those who come in such contact as it found them. They are bettered by it, or the contrary.

Manchester, March 14th, 1885.

. . . You ask for a bulletin of myself. I am wonderfully well. It is only by an act of the mind that I can realise that twenty-one more months would see my seventieth birthday. May I still do a little more work if it is Our Lord's will.

Manchester, June 6th, 1885.

My silence must have arisen simply from preoccupation; for I am writing a book! if I may so dignify some dozen of chapters, or less, to show that the primitive British Christianity, instead of

being a kind of venerable Protestantism, was Papal to the core. The subject expands, and demands a good deal of research.

. . . You know, perhaps, that I preach at Colridge twice on the 14th.

Manchester, October 29th, 1885.

. . . I am wonderfully well: growing somehow the wrong way, like a banana tree. In two months and two days I shall have entered my seventieth year: may be in eternity, of course, but meanwhile, feeling younger than in former years. *Canisunt sensus hominis*: I wish I was wiser and better as well as older.

The Holy Name, May 22nd, 1886.

I have Father Bridgett's book safe for you; it has furnished me with some facts, but my own poor small volume has been at a standstill lately, from other occupation. Not from *my* being on the shelf, thank God, for I am wonderfully well—a sort of G. O. M. in the house. Not very locomotive, but up to my especial work, pulpit, confessional, and pen.

May 28th, 1886.

. . . With great regret I am obliged to answer that my own state of health is not such as would well enable me to come. To show you this, I need only say, that if I were able, I would respond to a pressing invitation to my sister at Stafford . . . and then the days still find me here. When I am known to preach, etc., a good deal, it would naturally be concluded that in other respects, as travelling and so forth, I am up to the same mark; but it is not so. I am gently and mercifully reminded of what I should otherwise be always forgetting—that I am nearly midway between sixty-nine and seventy.

Enough about myself; only if I had not said it, you might not see that my "No" meant more than that I was very much engaged, etc., etc. . . . It does us all good to be stopped in mid-career, and learn to be quiet, as well as energetic, and over head and ears in work.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

I wish it hadn't been Milton who said it.

"C'est un grand talent que l'impuissance."

I wish it hadn't been a Jansenist.

. . . Say a little prayer for my June sermons. The programme is startling enough :

1. GALILEO.
2. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.
3. THE INQUISITION.
4. SMITHFIELD AND TYBURN!!

The Holy Name, June 28th, 1886.

. . . Thank God I have pulled through my "Points of History" without feeling it ; indeed, my health is such that I can only attribute it to the prayers of those kind ones who remember me before God.

St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, September 6th, 1886.

. . . The fault, often a fatal fault of so many people, is that . . . they are self-satisfied, therefore self-justifying : Pharisees, in short. A really humble soul acknowledges, with as much contrition as you like, how little it has now done worthy of God, or in any adequate correspondence with His grace ; but, instead of being cast down, is animated to fresh resolutions, as if the former ones had never been broken.

. . . The presence of God ! His intimate presence in the soul, loving us with a love as far higher, tenderer, and more discriminating than that of husband, child, friend, "as the heavens are higher than the earth," and pleading with us to love Him and sacrifice ourselves for Him in return—is it not all contained there ?

The Holy Name, March 5th, 1887.

I write from my sick-room, and will be brief, having been a prisoner for nearly a fortnight—throat and chest. Better, however, to-day, though still in solitary confinement. . . . They who write, translate, edit, or otherwise work for the launch of a good book, are doing a work that *lasts*—and the merit also, let us hope.

The Holy Name, Manchester, March 30th, 1887.

Our friends will find enough in the first chapter of "Lingard's History," Vol. V., to satisfy them about Blessed John Fisher, if they have ears to hear, or eyes to see. Unhappily, they will use neither, except for minute and microscopic objection. The papers you gave me from Mr. — were of this kind : what this man said, or that man did or opined. Of how much weight

are such minutiae in the great question : "What must *I* do that I may be saved?" That which St. Jerome said in the fifth century to Pope St. Damasus is as true to-day as then. "I am joined in communion with thy Blessedness, that is, with the Chair of Peter. On that rock I know the Church is built. Whosoever eateth the Lamb out of this house is profane. . . . Whosoever gathereth not with Thee, scattereth : that is, whosoever is not of Christ, is of Antichrist" ("St. Hieron. Epist. XV., ad Damas. Papam.") I am more convinced, as time goes on, that this is the simple point to insist on ; a point which he who runs may read. All quibblings about lesser details are endless : "Are you on the rock or no?" is just the one question.

You are kind enough to ask after my health. Thank God, I am quite restored ; giving conferences here every afternoon, preaching next Sunday at Pendleton, and put down for the Three Hours in our church on Good Friday.

The Holy Name, June 12th, 1887.

. . . My book? I dash into it (revising and retouching) at every spare moment, always persuading myself it is nearly ready, always finding something still to do. One ought at least, to be as careful as the Roman :

"Nil actum reputans, diem quid superesset agendum."

I hear that Lord Selborne has published something in favour of the "Continuity" fallacy. . . . I should like to embody something of an answer before the censors fall upon my small production with teeth and claws.

St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, North Wales,

August 10th, 1887, Feast of St. Laurence.

I am in Retreat, so must be laconic. . . . There's nothing like trying to *make* a Retreat to convince one of the insufficiency of all previous attempts to *give* or *suggest* one. I must try and make it up by praying for you, as you know that I do, virtually, at the holiest time of every day.

The Holy Name, October 29th, 1887.

The proof sheets ought certainly to have been accompanied by a line, according to your kind wish, to tell you that I was not annihilated at Newcastle. You will not suppose that I am saying it as a silly boast, or otherwise than in the thankful spirit I tried to cultivate throughout ; but I hardly ever remember to



have been in a place where such an opportunity was offered to me to do some little good. The people came crowding to every instruction; and I spoke twenty-four times besides a conference at a Convent: pretty well, for little over three weeks. The papers gave very good and fair reports, and I was well attacked by correspondents, anonymous and otherwise. It seemed to make a great stir through the place. Now, I am hoping to do something of the same, for three days at Bath, and one at Worcester, so you must give me your prayers. It is circumstances, and not any move on my own part, that seem to be turning me into a sort of stump orator in the evening of my days.

The Holy Name, Manchester, January 2nd, 1888.

I returned this afternoon from Liverpool. . . . Last night I preached to a greater crowd of faces than I have almost ever seen in an English church, on "Who is the Pope?" Our church there is greatly enlarged, and was packed; a good many non-Catholics, I was told. Every symptom shows what a wonderful day we are living in, and how much we may hope for, if we are only true to our position and opportunities.

The Holy Name, Manchester,  
Conversion of St. Paul, 1888.

. . . The General has been reminding us very practically of our vow of poverty, for which I am very thankful to him, and to God Who has inspired him.

The Holy Name, Manchester, March 6th, 1888.

I am coming to be not very far off. On Thursday I hope to sleep in Farm Street, and spend the next day in London; then on Saturday to go down to Wimbledon for a Mission of three weeks, returning here on Palm Sunday. . . .

We ought all to pray for an increase of fervour and steadfastness during this holy season. May we all have grace to do so.

Wimbledon, Saturday evening, March 24th, 1888.

The Mission ends to-morrow evening with renewal of vows, etc. On Monday I go to our house (Manresa House) at Roehampton for two or three days. . . . Thence on Thursday to Manchester again (D.V.) The Mission has been a time of great consolation in many ways, and I thank God for having come. . . . I am as well as if I had not come at all, yet I shall have preached or talked thirty-five times.

Manresa House, Roehampton,  
Tuesday in Holy Week, 1888.

I am to preach the Three Hours on Friday, at St. Helen's.  
Perfectly well, thank God.

The Holy Name, Manchester, April 6th, 1888.  
. . . I have had some slight reaction after Wimbledon,  
followed as it was by the Three Hours, but only for a time.  
Pray that I may go on working as long as Our Lord wills, and  
with greater singleness and purity of intention.

Manchester, July 7th, 1888.  
You are good enough to ask about my volume. I have  
every reason, for a moderate man, to be satisfied. In six months  
Burns and Oates have had three hundred in cloth and one  
hundred in wrapper, and I suppose have sold most of them. At  
that rate the 1,500 of the first edition would be exhausted in  
less than two years; but that is too good to be hoped for: say  
one-third less.

You will be amused to hear that I leave behind me materials  
for a volume of short essays, chiefly controversial, and a *very*  
small number of verses—Saul among the prophets!

The Holy Name, Manchester, July 16th, 1888.  
I send you a *Weekly Register*, with a splendid allocution of  
our Holy Father, and a thing of mine about Gladstone, and  
another about his cloud of words.

. . . I preached twice yesterday for the Franciscan  
Fathers at Gorton, and so am rather tired at the moment.

The Holy Name, Manchester, August 3rd, 1888.  
I did not answer you about Retreats to ladies. I know  
nothing definite, but I gave a little *ferverino* on the Feast of St.  
Ignatius to the new Community in Alexandra Park, who are  
devoted to that purpose. It may possibly result in the organi-  
sation of one.

Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, September 14th, 1888.  
You will be surprised at my writing from this place. I came  
to be of some help to a zealous young priest who has got him-  
self into a hornet's nest among the Ritualist parsons in this part  
of the world.

Manchester, October 13th, 1888.

I have been immersed in controversy at Gainsborough, and this is coming out in pamphlet form.

The Holy Name, Manchester, November 22nd, 1888.

. . . Here is a wonderful thing that happened the other day, to my certain knowledge, for I heard it from both the persons concerned. Mr. X——, a man of education and sense, had called upon Father Z——, with a view to inquiring into Catholic doctrine. The priest was not at home, and he, very mistakenly, took this as a "sign" that he was not to pursue the matter. He let it alone for a year; going, however, to Mass and Benediction whenever he went anywhere, which seems not to have been often. One day, however, he resolved to go to the Catholic church and say some prayers. He went some little way, then hesitated, and either turned back or was on the point of doing so. At that moment he was conscious of the fragrance of incense wafted round him. It was unmistakable: he even looked up to the surrounding chimneys (!) to see if it could possibly come from them. This strange event determined him to go on. He went into the church. Meanwhile, Father Z—— was on the point of going to make his visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the little oratory at the top of his house. Something, however, told him, without any apparent reason, to go and make it in the church instead. There he met X—— who now, without hesitation, put himself under instruction, and was received. He is a happy and devout Catholic, very anxious, as he is very capable, of helping others on to the same happiness. Miracles are of various degrees of unusualness, but the motive which induced him to go to that church at that particular moment is certainly not within the ordinary course of nature.

The Holy Name, Manchester, December 16th, 1888.

. . . This (the love of God) is so difficult to realise, because we are so narrow-hearted and (I hope) so conscious of the miseries that make us so little worthy to be loved. Yet it is true that the love which is universal, for all—in Heaven, on earth, and in purgatory, is also concentrated on each individual soul, as if that alone were to be loved.

Like the sun that lights up a hemisphere, yet gives all the prismatic colours to the dewdrop on the leaf of a flower. And this love, therefore, claims ours in return, in service and sacrifice. Let us pray that we may love more to give it.

I have lost the MS. book of the "Spiritual Exercises," which you used to like—lent it to someone without taking a note of the whereabouts, and the someone has been as forgetful as myself. I remember that you returned it faithfully.

. . . It will be finished before my "Commentary on St. Paul ad Philippenses."

The Holy Name, Manchester, June 30th, 1889.

. . . We have had a great day here to-day. Some eight hundred communicants, each of whom received a picture of the Sacred Heart.

Manresa, February 14th, 1890.

One of the greatest mortifications of my being here is being unable to guide, except by very brief correspondence, those whose spiritual interests I have so much at heart.

. . . I see no present prospect of my leaving this; nor should I at all desire it, if only I could be in two places at once. My work here engrosses me, and prospers far beyond anything I could deserve. God is so good. I hope to do some little towards raising up a generation of preachers, so very much needed, not for England alone, but for the uttermost parts of the earth—for though the Jesuits do not lurk behind every bush, as Exeter Hall would have it, they certainly find themselves on strange soils, and I am always telling my *class* (think of turning pedagogue at seventy-three!) that they will have to preach on an open hillside to crowding savages ready to tomahawk them if they break down.

. . . By Father Provincial's sanction, I have plunged into writing "Five Minutes' Sermons for the Sundays of the Year," to be read at early Masses, where people at present get no instruction. I hope to have a dozen ready, as a first *livraison*, beginning with Trinity Sunday.

Manresa, March 18th, 1890.

. . . I know nothing of my plans, except that in Low Week I am to go to Taunton, to preach at the clothing of two postulants, and then give three days Retreat to the children of the Convent school there. If I am summoned away from this place and work, I shall make an act of conformity, for I can hardly think of anything within my compass that could well be more important. We shall see. On Good Friday, from six to nine p.m. (the only possible time) I am to give the Three Hours at Wimbledon.



Manresa, Easter Monday (April 7th), 1890.

. . . I thank God I got through the Three Hours marvelously, considering that I read the prayers as well as preached the sermons, so I had very brief intervals during the whole time. This was at the wish of the great benefactress to the place, whose wish had every claim to be regarded.

Manresa, Easter Tuesday (April 8th), 1890.

Alleluia !

There is a book we are reading in the refectory to our great delectation: Father Weniger's "Easter in Heaven." I should like you to have it. It is a very unequal book; parts of it seem almost childish—about Mass in Heaven, etc., where he seems to be giving the rein to an undisciplined imagination; but other parts more than make up for this. It expands one's ideas of the glory to come—the union of the soul with God. Do get it if you can. . . .

Next week I go to preach at Taunton, within three or four miles of our old family place, which would have been mine unless I had exchanged it for something far better. *Deo gratias.* Alleluia.

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The Holy Name, Manchester, September 1st, 1882.

My Child in Jesus Christ,—

. . . I have experienced two ordinations. When I was (supposed to be) ordained an Anglican presbyter at Chichester, before the Flood, the Bishop assembled us all in his dining-room, and said: "Gentlemen, I wish you all to understand that I have not ordained you to-day as *sacrificing priests*, in any sense of the word." And when I received Minor Orders in the Church of St. John Lateran, in 1851, nobody asked me whether I had been in the Church, the army, or the law. Both were right. Each acted upon a true instinct: the Bishop of Chichester knew that he had no power to make a true priest, and Cardinal Patrizzi knew that I was *not* a true priest, and that everything had to be done from the beginning. . . . God bless you always. Yours in Him, W. H. A.

Church of the Holy Name, Manchester,  
September 6th, 1882.

My Child in Jesus Christ,\*—

Your note has just been put into my hands, and gives me great joy. I was sure that, when you once had the oppor-

\* His correspondent had announced her intention to become a Catholic.

tunity of seeing *facts*, . . . the light would come. You will now need the grace of fortitude as well as that of conviction. Pray for it earnestly. I shall place your heart in my chalice every morning, to be consecrated to Our Lord.

You ask me what you have to do next? Do you remember my saying that I was a slow old coach? I am going to prove it, by saying that no time is lost that is spent in deliberate preparation. . . . Are you, as yet, prepared to make an act of *faith*? . . . What has become of "relative latria"? Is that vanishing among the other ghosts? Write to me or not, my child, as you may feel disposed. . . . God bless you.

Yours in Him,  
W. H. A.

Manchester, September 27th, 1882.

. . . I condole with you on Dr. Pusey's death;\* for I am sure he was very kind to you. Would that your venerable relation could come back to you now for a moment, and tell you what he now knows about the Early Councils, etc., etc.

Manchester, October 13th, 1882.

My Child,—

Your letters of this morning were a real joy and satisfaction to me. I was getting anxious about you, remembering the case of —, for whom—some years ago—I was trying to do the same good office, and who *almost believed*; then she consulted a Protestant parson, who undid the whole again, and she now lives, a stiff Anglican. I said to myself: "I fear the enemy is going to succeed in *this* case also." But, thank God, you are growing in conviction of *the Church*; that is the point I keep to. . . . I shall be glad to have the pamphlet† back, if I may keep it a reasonable time. . . . It is worth a study to see to what miserable subterfuges able men are reduced, when they try to bolster up a false position. . . . God bless ✕ you always, my child.

W. H. A.

Manchester, November 3rd, 1882.

My Child,—

. . . I will tell you what was a great consolation and assurance to myself, when I was in the Retreat which I made in Paris, and which terminated in my being received into the Church. It was some words of Cardinal Newman, in

\* Dr. Pusey was the great-uncle of Father Anderdon's correspondent.

† By Canon Bright.

his volume of "Sermons to Mixed Congregations," to the effect that "no one who had ever really received the gift of faith could lose it again, except through his own personal fault." Most true; for faith is the eye of the soul, and, in the case of one born blind, as both you and I were, when once they have received sight that power continues, unless it is quenched by violence or other distinct misfortune. . . . The Spaniards have a proverb which I greatly delight in: "With my eyes and my faith I will never play tricks"—*i.e.*, because they are both so precious, and because they are capable of having tricks played with them. For anyone can throw himself out of an upper window, if he insists on doing so; only, then, he cannot throw himself *into* the lower window he occupied before. He must go to the ground. . . . "*Ou Catholique, ou déiste*," says Fénelon. This used to make me so indignant, some thirty-three years ago, and I thought converts so "deteriorated" for saying it. Yet, how true, if people really think, and reason out! . . . God bless ✕ you always.

Manchester, Feast of St. John, 1883.

My Child,—

I was "on the point" of answering your former letter when the second came. How near the absolute mathematical point might be hard to define; but I am not sorry now to have delayed, for both contain things on which I am very glad to congratulate you. . . . Ask your mother whether it is not difficult to realise ancient history; *e.g.*, the days when I first came to Leicester, a young vicar of about thirty, and she was the enthusiastic E—— H——, in contrast with the Minerva-like E—— N——. This lecture at Grantham reminded me of the time when I passed through it on my way to Peterborough, to be instituted to St. Margaret's.

August 7th, 1889.

My Child,—

Yesterday I returned here, gladly enough, and not a little weary. Take courage and do not suppose you are going back, because, through no fault of yours, you are at a distance from the means of good. Try all the more to cultivate the interior life by prayer. I will answer your question on behalf of your good landlady.

Our Divine Lord, of course, had no "need to be baptised," as St. John said to Him when astonished at His coming to him. But the baptism administered by St. John was His own will and

appointment. It was a baptism of penance, and Our Lord underwent it "to fulfil all righteousness." It could not make Him holier than before; because He was the plenitude of all sanctity. His *late* baptism does not authorise the non-baptism of children. They *need* it. "Except a man be born of *water* and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The word here translated from the Greek "a man" is in the original "anyone" *τις* and by no means implies a full-grown person. When Our Lord commissioned His Apostles, "Go teach all nations, baptising them," He certainly did not exclude children. What a cruelty on the part of parents, to keep them without their passport to the kingdom of God. Make her observe, that without a knowledge of the original, a person may be led into fatal mistakes in interpreting the Word of God: let her read 2 St. Peter iii. 16, and ask her to *pray* to see how it applies. What day of the week does she keep holy? Sunday? Then what does she do with "the Sabbath, the seventh day"? There is no sufficient warrant in Scripture for the change of day; and, if it was not made by the Church, it was made by no one with authority, and would be a *violation of God's commandment*. Ask her by what authority she touches a mutton chop with the blood in it, contrary to Acts xv. 20, 29. There was a clear injunction, not derived from the Jewish law alone, but primitive Genesis ix. 4, and continued into Gospel times, enforced by the whole College of Apostles. If we had not a Church, to assure us it was afterwards to pass away, we are bound by it at this day. And if the Church has authority to declare this, it has equal authority to bid us abstain on certain days. Let me hear more, for I am much interested, and give her this copy of Luther, etc., from me. God bless ✕ you always.

September 21st, 1880.

My Child,—

It was a real mortification and trial to me to be able to do so little for you during your visit, but you saw the difficulty I had in speaking a word. I must hope to do more by letter, and that you will apply to me at any time, when I may hope to be useful to you. On reviewing what passed, I feel especially anxious that you should grow in devotion to our Blessed Lady. Depend upon it that you will grow in the same proportion in the love of her Divine Son, and acceptance with Him. Your difficulty, I think, is not dogmatic, but rather one of feeling, and,



perhaps, of early prejudice, as it was with myself before my reception into the Church. I *read* myself out of it in consequence of a very providential occurrence, and then began to practise devotion to her, which was instantly rewarded by such a degree of faith as urged me to resign my benefice and begin life anew. You will feel the truth of my words if you now *generously* throw yourself into the instinct of the Church, which sets that devotion before you. You believe the truth of Our Lord's promise that the Paraclete, the spirit of truth, shall always reside in the Church, and teach it "all truth." What truth can well be more primary than that a widespread devotion, weaving itself into every utterance of prayer among the two hundred millions of the Church's children, is agreeable to the Divine will, and, as I think I said yesterday, promotes the Divine glory?

There is an essential proportion and harmony in things. He Who came to us by Mary wills that we in turn should greatly go by Mary to Him.

Manchester, March 3rd, 1885.

My Child in Jesus Christ,—

It is very kind of you to think of the alb in the midst of your anxious occupations; but the truth is that, on the principle of not having "two coats," and with a view also to poverty, I am content with those that exist. A great many things which seem very expedient to-day, turn out to be, at least, non-essential to-morrow, under the lens of a little consideration in the light of eternity. So you have all the merit of the good intention. May Our Lord comfort you *both* in your present trials: and I bless ✕ you in His name.

December 17th, 1882.

My Child,—

This is indeed a grace and a joy. I congratulate you with all my heart, and hope to make a special memento for you at Mass to-morrow.

I only regret that a previous engagement stands in the way of my *saying* Mass for you. You have been so long and so well prepared, that you will feel more like an old Catholic than a convert, when you once find yourself inside the door. The shoe (according to my very homely illustration) will sit quite easily: and for this you will, indeed, always have to thank your reverend and kind instructor.

God bless you with His best and choicest.

Manresa, Roehampton, June 8th, 1872.

My Child in Jesus Christ,\*—

Your letter has delighted me; yes, *you* understand what hopes I have before me, though you do not know, and could not believe, how unworthy I am to entertain them. Pray for me, for all grace, and perseverance.

I send you my blessing, a full one, and the best I can give to anyone. † I have closed a whole packet of letters, and now hope to be alone with God. But nevertheless,

Ever yours in the Sacred Heart,

W. H. A. (Dr. no longer).

Novices' time and paper rare: so I adopt the truly Franciscan expedient of a turned envelope, my child, to send you my blessing with the enclosed—to thank you for your not misplaced confidence in my willingness at all times to do anything for you, and to assure you that my happiness here is complete, and my health wonderfully improved under the quiet regularity of this daily system of life. Continue your prayers for me. I keep your former letter of congratulation on the great and undeserved grace given to me, and I value it much. God bless you always, and give the same from me to all. Tell them at Drumshambo that I have written.

Dublin, 1863.

My dear Sir,†—

As a quota towards the comfort of our sufferers amid rejoicings in which no one has given us reason to share, and in order that the demonstrations may not glare on them with too obvious a mockery, please to apply the enclosed £10 to the relief of the poor in Dublin, from

Yours very sincerely,

W. H. ANDERDON.

\* The receiver of this letter, when forwarding it for publication, says: "I select this short note from Manresa, written just before he went into his Retreat on joining the Society. I was one of the very few of his old children and friends who rejoiced for him and congratulated him heartily. So many urged his age, bad health, etc., as reasons to prevent him. In fine, there was a lack of sympathy with his move—many did not like to 'lose him,' as they thought. Hence this short, simple word to me of the pleasure my letter had given him."

† To Mr. A. M. Sullivan, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's wedding.

August, 1865.

Dear Mr. Sullivan,\*—

I should be sorry that your next impression went out through Ireland without these few lines of acknowledgment for your more than kind notice of my approaching departure. I had sincerely hoped (my friends know how often I have said it) to die, when my time came, in this land of my adoption. How could I have any other wish, if personal wishes weighed in the distinction of a priest's life? Ireland, as she is the land of faith, is also the home of an affectionate and devoted intercourse between clergy and people. This springs from a lively recognition of the mutual relations which they occupy in the mind and will of God. It would be an evil day for this dear country if that bond were loosened. To myself, in spite of my own faults, a kindness and confidence have been extended during nine happy years in Ireland, on which I cannot dwell without much feeling. Two things console me. I go under distinct obedience to the authority that represents to the Catholic priest and layman his unseen Lord. I go, moreover, to labour still among the children of Erin. It is but exchanging the Ireland of Dublin for the Ireland of London, where crowding myriads of our poor are destitute, by their very numbers, of the advantages enjoyed at the hands of my reverend brethren in this favoured city. I would say more, but my heart is full. May all whom I have learned to know and love, all who are personally unknown, but bound to me by the great interests which make up a priest's life, be as happy as I shall ever wish and pray for them. Then they will be happy indeed, here and hereafter.

My dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

W. H. ANDERDON.

Manchester, November 3rd, 1886.

My dear Friend,\*—

After due consideration, I have decided not to touch this scandal: and so I return to you at once the newspaper slips. You must be the best judge how far it needs notice. If you think so, a priest would be the most appropriate writer, but

\* Written to the Editor of the *Nation* by Father Anderdon, when he left Ireland, where he had lived and laboured for nine years. The *Nation* said: "Like him, we rejoice that his separation, however, does but transfer the scene of his labours amongst our countrymen; and that in exile, where true friends are most needed, he will be with them still."

† To the Editor of the *Weekly Register*, on the occasion of a clerical secession from the Church.

I think most priests would be unwilling. Supposing that you decide on its being done, why not undertake it yourself? You could point out that scandals, like heresies, *must* come, for the probation of the Faithful (as St. Paul says about the latter); that they sometimes are, though they never ought to be, stumbling blocks, and, like David's sin, "cause the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme;" that they are generally traceable to the possession of popular gifts without the corresponding preservation of the sacerdotal spirit; that a want of humility renders a man unable to withstand the intoxication of notoriety and applause: finally, that the greater the height the deeper the fall, but that we ought to be thankful that, after all, the instances are so rare. Those who surround us, and watch us with jealous eyes, ought to remember that they live in glass houses, etc., etc. The Church is always shielding and sustaining her priests by their annual Retreats, by the Divine Office they are bound to recite, and the meditation every morning before Holy Mass, which they are exhorted never to omit.

On thinking it over, I suppose an article *ought* to appear, lest we should be supposed uncandid in not acknowledging the existence of such evils when they have become proven. *How* rare they are, by the mercy of God! You see that Keatinge, in the Dublin Police Court, charges all manner of evil on the Confessional. There can be no doubt of the immense influence necessarily wielded by the confessor; and if a man chooses to be a villain, or is overcome by a weakness he had not guarded himself against, the opportunity is not wanting. *But* (1) ever since one of the Lateran Councils, perpetual inability to hear another confession, and life-long imprisonment in a monastery of strict observance, await him who so misuses his trust; (2) the absolution he should attempt to give to the partner of his sin is absolutely null and void (except at the point of death, if no other priest can be had), and he would by the very attempt incur an ecclesiastical censure reserved to the Pope.

These things are contained in books of moral theology that may be had from any bookseller, therefore there can be no imprudence in using them. But they must be used by others than

Yours ever most truly,

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Franciscan Convent, May 3rd, 1890.

Dear Dr. Alford,—

How good of you to bestow some of your enforced



leisure on me! The list of dedications which you have so kindly sent is not only interesting, but will be valuable for use. A good deal is to be learnt from it: *e.g.*, the proportion of "St. Augustine" to "St. Peter" (3 to 25), as showing the un-Saxon, but very Roman, character of this part of the country. This is only one out of several points that strike me. In short, you have added another chapter to my little volume, if it should so far survive the author as to see another edition. I hope the *ague*, which has been the unwelcome cause of procuring me this benefit, has now yielded to your own prescription. If not, I must manage to come and see you on Monday. You shall then tell me whereabouts Kenthorpe is—the place from which comes that interesting relic in the Museum, which ought to be in Catholic hands. Not one of all the three Taunton papers contains a line of correspondence or article, in answer to what I said on Sunday last. Perhaps they are waiting till I am gone, on the reverse principle of

He who fights and runs away,  
Lives to fight another day.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Alford,

Ever sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

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Manresa, January 10th, 1890.

My Child in Jesus Christ,\*—

PAX CHRISTI.

I take up my pen at once upon reading your most welcome letter. Do you know what I said on reading it? I said, "Alleluia!" I shall follow you all with constant interest on your war path; and if you get tomahawked, I shall pray to you. Meanwhile, St. Benedict will obtain for you the grace to do a great good in these outlandish parts, and you shall not want the help of better prayers than mine (mine, however, included). Would you like to enter into a communion of prayer and penances with my Nuns at Drumshambo? Franciscans, as perhaps you know, of strict observance. I call them mine, because during my residence in Ireland I was enabled to establish them there, and reckon it as one of the greatest blessings of my life, next to my own three vocations—to the Faith, the priesthood, and the Society. Write me a *post card*, merely, to say

\* To a Benedictine Nun.

whether I shall propose this to them. They pray very efficaciously, as I have experienced.

You will not, I am sure, forget to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart. I send you a little picture, which I have blest for your future home, and also a number of our little *Messenger*, two months old. But, perhaps, you already all belong to the Apostleship? As to the pamphlets, I should like them very much to go to the Indian territory. What kind of bargain can two Religious enter into regarding them? How much would they come to at 10d. a dozen all round? Would that ruin you? Tell me candidly.

And now, my Child, I make you a promise, that is to bind, though at the moment, amid my other thoughts, I may not remember it. Every Mass I say, till my last inclusive, I will place your heart, and the hearts of all your Community, in the Chalice, when I am about to consecrate it. And do you all make the same intention for me (among all other intentions) at your Communions. Or is that too much to ask? And, finally, let all your thoughts about me of a favourable kind turn to the conviction that I am a miserable old sinner, who through seventy-three years of life, and thirty-five as a priest, and nearly eighteen as a Jesuit, have been little else than a spendthrift of the marvellous graces accumulated upon me by a merciful Father, Who has been more disappointed in me than I shall ever know till I meet Him face to face.

Farewell for this world, and may we meet safely and joyfully in the world to come. Yours always in the Sacred Heart, and more and more as we near the goal,

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

Manresa, January 13th, 1890.

My Child in Jesus Christ,\*—

Many thanks for the little package, which interests me much. I have consulted the map, and am now quite *au fait* of your future whereabouts. I spent some time at Memphis from which you will be due west. The calendar will enable me to follow you in a union of prayer. Can any of the Community find time to jot down a few particulars—*e.g.*, are you to be at Oklahoma itself? What relations will you have with the Sisters of Mercy? How long has the Mission been established? What number are you in Community? I should like to put all together

\* To a Benedictine Nun.

for a notice in the *Weekly Register*, which they say (exaggerating) is *my* paper, and bring in Sitting Bull and his excellent pronouncements. I send a few little pictures for your future dark-skinned catechumens. How I should like to look in upon you, when you have been six months at work! Let us hope to discuss it at length, some day, above. God bless you all, always.

Yours in Him,

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

August 25th, 1888.

My Child,—

You will not expect any but the most hasty answer :

1. The marriage in question\* is not beyond the limits of the Pope's dispensing power. Had the relationship been much nearer it would have been.

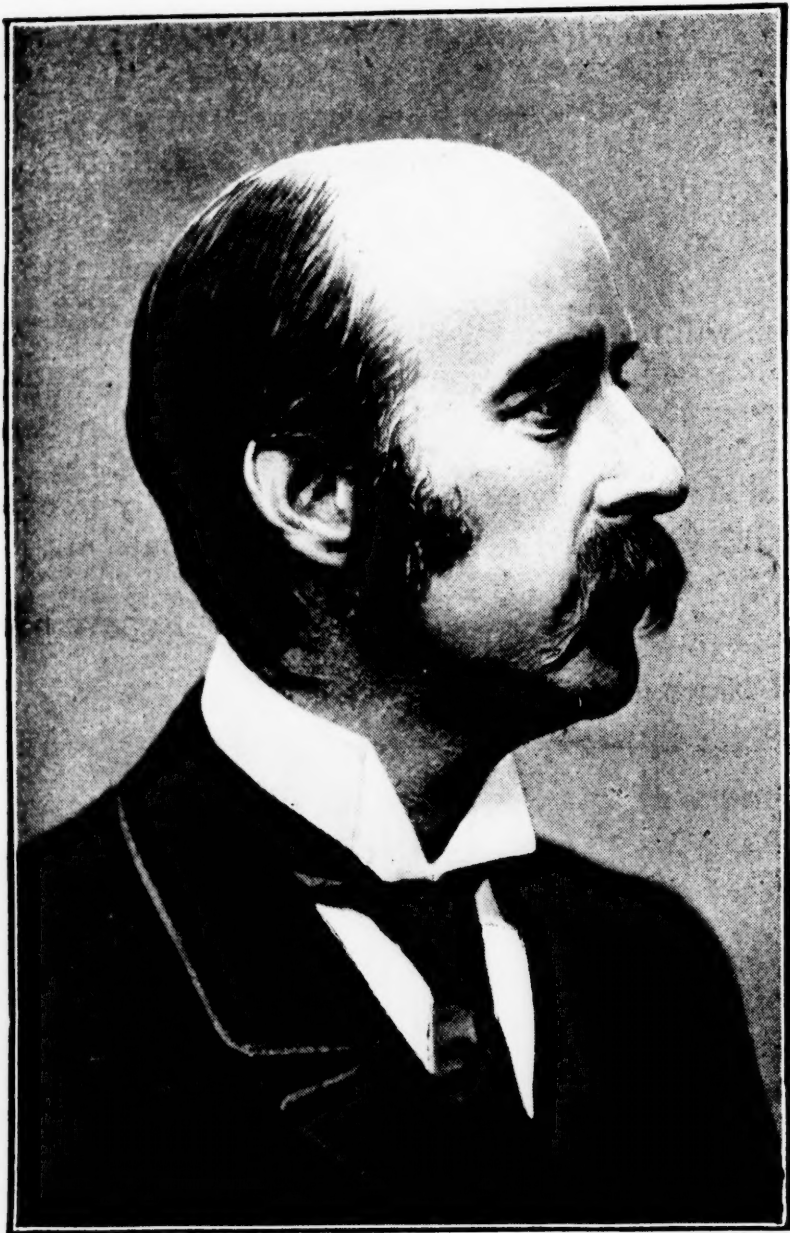
2. Royal and princely personages are generally free from the expenses necessarily incurred (notaries, officials, etc.) by such dispensations.

3. In this case, a handsome offering seems to have been made as a mere gratuity.

4. All besides is Protestant falsification.

God bless ✕ you both.

\* Prince Amadeo's.



MR. HERMAN LESCHER.



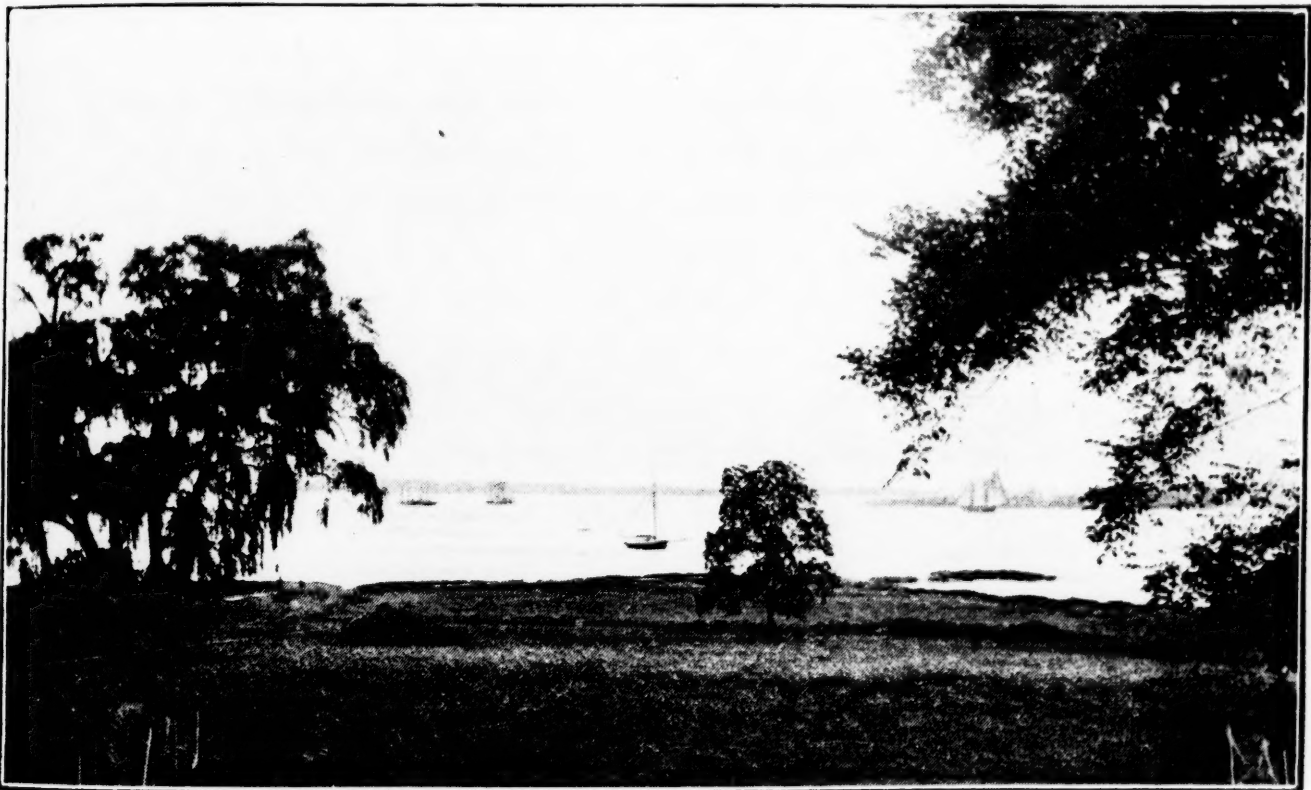
*A City Magnate.*

THE City of London presents itself to different eyes in different lights. The rustic is now extinct who regards it from a distance as a place where the paving-stones are made of gold : though even that metaphor has its justification in the cases of individuals here and there. The original shilling of the founder of the house of Rothschild has bred sovereigns which, beaten out, would cover nearly the whole area of the City itself. The house of Murrieta could pave the railroad from Charing Cross to Wadhurst with the same malleable metal : and, speaking of the Murrietas, why should these pronouncedly Catholic Spaniards be constantly alluded to as Jews ? The *Standard*, only the other day, in a leading article on the troubles of the Barings, referred to "the Jewish house of Spanish origin" also deeply interested in the Argentine Republic. Is it a tribute to the moderation of Christians in even money-making that the modern Cræsus is presumed to be a Jew until evidence is forthcoming to the contrary ? The mention of religion at all in connexion with commerce seems an anachronism. Yet, even amid the bustle of the City, church bells ding, and there are whispers of things theological. The Presbyterian has his haunts ; the Jews congregate together ; and if you walk up the stairs of No. 6, Clement's Lane, you will find, a little galaxy of Catholic names representing the

officials of Mr. Herman Lescher's firm, and in his waiting-room are sure to be seen faces well known in the lay and clerical Catholic world. The City is prosaic enough to those who spend their days in it ; but it is a realm of mystery to the outsider. Someone is "something in the City" ; but what it is, and how money can be made by anyone sitting in an office and writing a few letters, is a puzzle to half the world. Mr. Herman Lescher's methods, for the most part, are without this element of mystery. The business of an accountant is often puzzling enough, but in quite another sense. This is the main work carried on in the great suite of offices inhabited by Mr. Lescher : though there have not been wanting, on occasion, within its walls those feats of almost necromantic finance which transform City prose into a golden dream.

Fitly enough, as suggesting his double capacity, Mr. Lescher is a Fellow of the Chemical Society, as well as of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and of the Royal Statistical Society. He also passed the Chemical Examination of the Royal Agricultural Society. But that was in old days when this still young City magnate farmed four hundred acres, and regularly rode to hounds. Coming from green fields to the City, Mr. Lescher began, with characteristic courage, as the humblest clerk ; and he started on his own account only eight or nine years ago. This is a short strong flight for one of whom it may be safely said that he has a first place among the accountants of England, having the largest single-handed business of them all. Mr. Lescher has published (besides a sonnet in MERRY ENGLAND) miscellaneous papers on professional and other matters. The business over which Mr. Lescher presides consists chiefly of annual audits of accounts of corporations, companies, and private firms ; arbitrations upon questions of account ; liquidations, Chancery receiverships, readjustments, partnerships, and indeed, finance in all its branches. Of these things it is not

easy to say much in a magazine; but Mr. Lescher's latest *coup* is one which has a wider public interest. This is no less than the development of a new area, which is to be added to the City of New York, already packed by her fast expanding population. To the south-west of the City lies a fine tract of property, five hundred acres in extent,



“IT LIES IN DEEP WATER, JUST NORTH OF THE HARLEM  
RIVER.”

actually within the corporate limits of the City of New York, and bounded on the south by more than a mile of the Atlantic. The City has crept up to the very gates of this Eldorado (as it seems likely to be), and now the City is to occupy it. A Syndicate has acquired the land, little by little, estate by estate, and

is now able to control the development of the entire district. Utopian ideas are very well : but practical ideas must prevail in a great affair of this sort ; and the idea of making this newest New York in great part a quarter for the artisan class is at once beneficent and business-like. The tide of civilisation moves Westward, as all Americans admit ; and it often does this in detail, as well as in bulk—by the single mile as well as by three thousand miles. What fashion does in London, where the bonnets bought a hundred years ago in St. Paul's Churchyard are now bought in Bond Street, the democracy may well do in New York, in the great emigration to the west and the south-west which will follow on the builder taking into his hands this fine frontier territory. It lies within the Twenty-third Ward of the City (about three miles from the northern extremity of Central Park), on deep water, just north of the Harlem River, and between the Southern Boulevard and Long Island Sound, and it has been held hitherto in residential estates. How the separate freeholds it comprises were originally acquired and thrown into one, and how the whole property is now on the brink of development, may be prosaic enough to those who have had to fight inch by inch against almost overwhelming difficulties ; but it must remain to onlookers as one of the romances of finance. American, Irish, and English capital has amalgamated to do the deed ; but the guiding hand has been that of Mr. Herman Lescher.

To Mr. Lescher, therefore, as the bearer of a name familiar to Catholics, as well as influential in that City of London which has given us both our great Cardinals, a representative of *The Weekly Register* applied in the hope of hearing more of the Syndicate which is to make New York salubrious, and which is to earn in the process fees enough to have made even Sir William Gull gape. Clement's Lane lies against Lombard Street ; and the plate by the granite entrance of No. 6 informs



the visitor that Mr. Herman Lescher and his staff of eighteen clerks are to be found on the first and second floors. This is what Mr. Lescher has to say of the great scheme :

“Yes,” says Mr. Lescher, “all that is quite true. As for the details you ask, we believe we have acquired the property on



“BETWEEN THE SOUTHERN BOULEVARD AND LONG ISLAND  
SOUND.”

exceptionally favourable terms ; and we are confirmed in our belief by the best professional opinion on both sides of the water. Here is a map of New York, showing how compact the property is. The streets, as you see, are already marked out upon paper—the plans for the building of the city being an official affair, not one of individual and disjointed whims. But the building is beyond our province ; we simply resell the land

in slices, and watch over its development, making wharves and harbours as they are needed, but leaving to local capital the task of laying out the streets, erecting the rows of houses, and running railways into the heart of the new quarter. A private Syndicate, registered under the Limited Liability Act, has been formed to carry out our part of the great bargain. Mr. Philip Witham is the solicitor to the Syndicate—a man who represents that rare combination, prudence and courage in counsel. The legal and local knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Synnott, a recent visitor to New York, has been of the greatest service to the Syndicate, on which he has for companions, besides Americans, men whose names stand the highest in commerce over here: Mr. Keswick and Mr. Paterson, partners in Matheson and Co.; Mr. Alfred Marshall; the houses of Dent, of Sandiman, and others; Messrs. Linton, Clarke, and Co.; great solicitors like Mr. R. D. Baxter, Mr. A. J. Blount, and Mr. Pollock; the Trust and Loan Company of China; the Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Company; and the Globe Industrial and General Trust Company. City bankers and merchants, and far-seeing members of both Houses of the Legislature make up the list. Among these about £100,000 has been subscribed to acquire the land; about another £100,000 has been raised in America on mortgages; and we shall want during the next five years, for the purpose of developing the property, a further sum of from £80,000 to £100,000, a portion of which will be raised on mortgage bonds or will be furnished temporarily by some of the profits accruing from the steady sale of the sites. This further sum we shall seek, as we require it, at the hands of private investors. We believe it will not be necessary to go into the open market, with its expensive methods, to make our mechanism complete.” “And the profits?” “Ought to be the biggest thing in the whole big scheme,” replied Mr. Lescher. They have been estimated at £800,000 net by men more shrewd than sanguine.”

Mr. Lescher's name is familiar as that of a leader, some years ago, of the forward movement in the Catholic Union. His house in Egerton Gardens is within a stone's-throw of the Oratory, which he attends—in default, perhaps, of a Benedictine church in London; for with the Benedictines Mr. Lescher was

educated at Downside. The indirect help which a man, who has been happy in things more intimate than business, confesses to be inseparable from his success, Mr. Lescher enjoys in perfection. His marriage with Miss Wilson (whose sister, Mrs. Wheeler, is famous among the beautiful women of the time) gave him something even more than the common good fortune of the happily married. May the successive generations of the House of



“IT HAS BEEN HELD HITHERTO IN SEPARATE FREEHOLD  
ESTATES.”

Lescher be never wanting in that double prosperity of the office  
and the home!

EDMUND COX.

*Query ?*

**I**T is just as pleasant weather  
As when we were both together ;  
Still the flush is on the heather  
And the poppies flutter gay.  
Still the sunlit headlands glimmer,  
And the ripples shine and shimmer—  
But I find the brightness dimmer  
Since you went so far away.

In your dull streets coming, going,  
Do you see the poppies glowing ?  
Do you feel the salt breeze blowing  
Over miles of silvery sea ?  
Midst the struggling and the scheming,  
And the myriad gaslights gleaming,  
Do you ever fall a-dreaming  
Of our sunny days and me ?

FRANCES WYNNE.



*The Story of a Conversion.*CHAPTER VI. (*Continued from p. 303.*)

## THE KABBALAH.

**I** CONCLUDED my remarks when I last wrote by expressing the opinion that in the Kabbalah the various lines of thought which we had been tracing with respect to the authorship of the "Books of Moses" would be found to converge. Taking up the subject to-day at the point where it was then left, I cannot do better than give, in the words of Jewish authors, an account of the history of the Kabbalah. The history will show what the nature of that secret and mystic doctrine is; and though, of course, I am not to be taken as agreeing with its authors, they had best be left to tell their own tale.

"Seven things were created before the world was made. First, the Law; for Wisdom is the Law, and it is said of Wisdom, 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways' (Prov. viii. 22). Second, repentance; for 'Before Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, Thou saidst: "Be converted, ye children of men"' (Ps. xc. [lxxxix.] 2, 3). Third, Paradise; for it is written, 'The Lord planted the garden from the beginning' (Genesis ii. 8). Fourth, hell; for it is said, 'Tophet was ordained of old' (Is. xxx. 33). Fifth and sixth, the throne of glory, and the place of the sanctuary; for it is said, 'The throne of glory, exalted from the beginning, and the place of our sanctuary' (Jer. xvii. 12). Seventh, the name of the

Messiah; for it is said, 'His name shall endure for ever, His name Yinnon before the sun' (Ps. lxxii. [lxxi.] 17).\*

"On the sixth day of creation Adam was gradually formed; and the embryo, the shapeless mass which became Adam, reached from the remote east to the farthest west, as it is written: 'Thou formedst me behind,' that is from sunset, 'and before,' from sunrise (Ps. cxxxix. 5); and from lowest earth to highest Heaven, as it is also written, "God created man upon the earth, *and* from one end of Heaven unto the other' (Deut. iv. 32.)† But the

\* Babylonian Talmud, Pesachim, 54, *recto*. This, with its perversions of the texts (which it would be impossible here to discuss), is a fair example of Talmudic exegesis. The interpretations and legends in the Talmud, and still more so in the Kabbalah, are, however, often parables, and not to be taken as they sound; and in the present case the seven things previously created appear to answer to the seven days, or as many of the Kabbalists would have understood them, the seven manifestations of creation. The law is the regulative principle of the universe; and its creation, the creation of the spiritual light, answers to the creation of the sensible light, the work of the first day (Genesis i.). The creation of repentance, which gives renewed access to Heaven, answers to the separation between earth and Heaven, the work of the second day. The creation of the Garden of Eden, the spiritual garden, the reward of repentance, answers to the creation of plants, the work of the third day; and, as Philo Judæus ("De Mundi Opificio," § 14) and the book Zohar teach, those plants were nourished not by sun and moon, but more directly by the Deity (compare Apoc. xxi. 23—xxii. 5). The creation of hell answers to that of the sun, moon, and stars, which the heathen worshipped, and which was the work of the fourth day. The fifth of the things created before the world is the throne of glory, formed (Ezekiel i.) of winged creatures; and answers to the making of the winged creatures on the fifth day. The sixth, the place of the sanctuary, corresponds to the creation of man and his attendants, who worshipped as sacrificers, or sacrificed, in the sanctuary. And the seventh, the name Yinnon (increase), of the Messiah, answers to the Sabbatical and Messianic period.—These coincidences can scarcely be accidental. The legends in the Talmud are often, externally, of the most preposterous character. Sometimes they are grossly superstitious stories about great Rabbis. Sometimes, in or outside these stories, there are indications of a design to make up a pretty or a curious tale, such as would interest as well as instruct. These tales often turn out to be parables. In connexion with this may be viewed on the one hand Our Lord's habit of teaching by parable, and on the other the practice of the scholastics, who often commence by a question—*e.g.*, "Is the number six creator or creature?" "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?"—which at first sight seems the oddest of the odd, but is presently discovered to have been introduced only for the sake of handling some general principle.

† "Dibhre Rabbanim," i. There appears to be here an identification of Adam with the world; an idea connected with man being the microcosm, and in-

angels were terrified, and God reduced his stature ; as it is written, 'Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me' (Ps. cxxxix. 5).<sup>\*</sup> On the evening of the sixth day, when it was verging toward the Sabbath, the Holy One (Blessed be He) instructed Adam in

cluding all. Hence, in the Kabbalah, to destroy a man is said to be "to destroy the world," and also, for another and obvious reason, "to destroy the temple" (cf. John ii. 19).

\* By the Kabbalists and Talmudists, the whole of this Psalm was, as has been pointed out in a previous article, supposed to have been written by Adam, by which a special significance was given to : "My frame was not hidden from Thee, when I was made in secret, curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see mine imperfect substance, and in Thy book were all [my parts] written, which day by day were fashioned, while as yet there was none of them" (verses 15, 16). A Kabbalistic Evolutionist (if there was such a being) might, perhaps, make something of this ; and of the discussions among the Rabbis on the question whether Adam had a tail. And, seriously speaking, the Evolution Theory goes so far back that it is impossible to say that even a most ancient document may not have been written with a knowledge of it. It can unequivocally be traced, through nearly two thousand years, to Lucretius ("De Rerum Natura," v. 837, 850). Lucretius evidently borrowed it from Empedocles ("Fragments," 306-9, 313-16, etc.), who lived in the fifth century before Christ, and spoke (crudely enough, but with the root of the matter in him) of monstrous forms—creatures with throats and no stomachs, with stomachs and no throats, etc.—which were unable to survive, because, as we should say, they did not correspond with their environment. Empedocles, who was a great traveller, must have taken these ideas from the more ancient Babylonian mythology, which was, of course, well known to the Jews ; and according to which "There was a time when all things were darkness and water, in which monstrous creatures, spontaneously born, came into existence. Among them, too, were men with two wings, and some with four wings and two faces ; and human beings having one body and two heads, one that of a man and the other that of a woman, and with the procreative organs also double, male and female. And other men, some of whom had legs and horns as of goats, while others had feet like horses. These last had also their hinder parts like those of horses, and their fore parts like men ; so that they possessed the shape of the hippocentaurs. There also came into existence bulls having human heads, and dogs with four bodies, and with fishes' tails proceeding from their hinder parts, and horses with dogs' heads, and men and other animals possessing the heads and the bodies of horses and the tails of fish. And other living beings with the shapes of various animals ; and, in addition to these, fishes, and creeping things, and serpents, and many other wonderful animals differing in form from those which now exist ; of which, also, the images lie in the temple of Belus. And (they say) that to all these had given birth a woman, whose name was Homorka ; and that this is in Chaldaean Thalath, and in Greek is interpreted the sea ; and equally means the moon." Syncellus, quoting Alexander Polyhistor following "Berosus," pp. 52, 53, Ed. Dindorff, 1839. See also Richter, "Fragments of Berosus," Leipsic, 1825. This, though in mythological form, appears to be the ultimate origin, as far as it can be traced back, of the Theory of Natural Selection.

two things. He taught him the use of fire, and he communicated to him the Sacred Language; and in doing so, gave him a knowledge of the world and of the Law, which the Sacred Language involved.\*

"The soul of Adam entered into Abraham; and, after him, into David and into the Messiah. Like Adam, Abraham was neither altogether male nor altogether female; for these are two branches of human nature, neither of which exhibits in its entirety the whole perfection of human nature, whose excellences, on the other hand, are divided between them. In the days of Abraham the Sacred Language was almost lost. But the Holy One, in His mercy, taught it to him again. And Abraham fulfilled the whole law. For it is written, 'Abraham obeyed My voice, and kept My charge, My commandments, My statutes, and My laws' (Genesis xxvi. 5). Nay, he fulfilled the two laws, the oral as well as the written, for it is said, 'My laws' (in the plural). And he also obtained a knowledge of the secrets of nature; so that from him magic arose among

\* "The Sacred Language," *i.e.*, Hebrew, which, according to the old Jewish doctors, was the language of Eden, and is the language of Heaven. So that the angels do not know any other, or pay little or no attention to anything said in it; for all other languages are results of the corruption of mankind, and even the truths which are expressed in them are expressed only with a mixture of corruption and error, because of the words having heathen and human derivations. *Theos*, God, is, for example, derived (according to Plato, who was naturally accepted as an authority on Greek derivations) from *theo*, to run, and means "he who runs," referring to the movements of the heavenly bodies across the sky. Now what, said the Rabbis, could the angels make out of an invocation addressed to *him who runs*? Especially when the other words employed in the prayer also abounded with heathen allusions and derivations. The Temple service, and, after its pattern, the service of the synagogues, was consequently in Hebrew, even after that language had ceased to be intelligible to the bulk of the population. For in Hebrew the derivations and the allusions of the words were what the Holy One meant them to be; they had the right ring. Moreover, in a language fashioned by Omniscience, even the lightest details would be considered; and neither the letters forming the words, nor their numerical values (each Hebrew letter also means a number), nor any other point about them could, without irreverence, be regarded as without significance. "If anyone prays in the Aramaic language, the angels of the ministry," *i.e.*, the ministering angels of Hebrews i. 14, "do not join themselves to him" (Bab. Talmud treatise Sabbath, fol. 12, *verso*).



the heathen. For the construction of the Sacred Language, and the laws of numbers gave him an intimate acquaintance with the structure of nature ; and the knowledge of the names by which, in that language, objects were rightly called, laid their very essence bare to him. And after Abraham, our father, had regarded these things and beheld them, and had inscribed what he beheld and carved it [on stones] and made it his own, the Lord of all appeared to him and called him His beloved, and a covenant was cut with him and with his seed, and he believed in the name YHVH (the name of four letters), Jehovah, and it was reputed to him for righteousness. And He cut a covenant between the ten toes of his feet, which is circumcision, and between the ten fingers of his hands, that is to say, on his tongue ; and he bound the twenty-two letters [of the Hebrew alphabet] on his tongue, and disclosed to him the mystery they contained : he traced them in the water, and made them shine in the fire, and wafted them in the air, and caused them to shine forth in the seven, and poured them out over the twelve constellations of Heaven.\*

\* The words from "And after Abraham" are the concluding passage of the Kabbalistic book "Yetsira." The twelve constellations are the twelve signs of the zodiac.—The "seven" are seven stars, probably the unsetting stars which circle round the North Pole.—The feet mean action, and the hands, whose movement is a preliminary in natural gesticulation to getting up to do a thing, signify speech. The number ten has a mystical significance, afterwards to be explained.—The soul of Adam is supposed to have passed into Abraham, David, and the Messiah, from a far-fetched argument derived from the Hebrew language, in which Adam begins with the letter *Aleph*, the first letter of the word Abraham ; *Daleth*, the first letter of David, coming next, and then, finally, *Mem*, the first letter of Messiah. But these, at first sight, arbitrary analysis of words were evidently directed by an underlying idea ; and this in the present case appears to have been that a great personality could not be permanently isolated from and lost to the world. Adam must reappear. Or is Adam only the genius, the guiding spirit of humanity, working back to perfection, after his fall, through Abraham, David, and the Messiah?—The strange idea about hermaphroditism (which, as far as the Jewish writings is concerned, is found, as to Adam, *e.g.*, in the Babylonian Talmud, treatise "Erubhin," 15, and as to Abraham, in 47 of the same treatise, and is continually repeated by later authors), is also met with in Plato, in the "Banquet," n. 16. Every member of the human race, we are told in the Banquet, "had four hands, and the same number of feet, and two faces upon a circular neck which was alike in every way, and one head with the faces

"Then Moses appeared on the scene of human life, and the Torah, the Law, was offered to each of the seventy nations of the world in turn. But, one by one, each of the others rejected it. One nation said: 'Its precepts are too numerous.' Another said: 'It is too contrary to our customs.' Another said: 'How shall we hold intercourse with the other nations if we accept it?' So at last it was offered to Israel, the least of all the nations, and fugitive in the wilderness. Being without other hope in the world, Israel accepted the Law; and during the forty days and nights when it was being proclaimed in thunder from Mount Sinai, Nature paused in her course, the sounds of human life were still, even the birds of the air ceased to sing, and nothing was heard but the thunderings and the voices which pronounced the Commandments. They were audible to everyone according to the limitations of his own nature, and spoke to each Israelite in the tones of his nearest and dearest, so that father, mother, wife, children, living and dead, past and future, the world and all it contained, seemed to be repeating 'Thou shalt not kill,'

looking opposite. . . . The bodies were thus round, and the manner of their running was circular." It thus becomes a question whether the Hebrew parable was derived from the Greek, or the Greek from the Hebrew, or whether both had a common source. And there is not the least appearance of this being a Greek myth. It is too inartistic; and Plato appears to have borrowed it from more eastern sources—from those sources, indeed, from which Greek civilisation itself was derived. But it does not follow that (as both Jewish and Christian antiquity were so fond of accounting for Plato's doctrines), he took it from the Jews. The whole of the countries bordering on the Mesopotamian plain were full of such notions, which Plato may have adopted on the one hand, and the Talmudistic and Kabbalistic Jews on the other. That the latter, at least, regarded these symbols only as the veil of deeper thoughts is shown by their applying them even to the Deity. The Kabbalists, it has been said, with a rough approach to truth, "admitted a female nature into God." Rather let it be said that by feminine metaphors they attempted to neutralise the masculine metaphors by which the Divine Being is also spoken of. And by this they adumbrated the obvious truth—obvious if we only reflect on it—that it is only Adam-Eve, or Jesus-Mary, that gives the final and complete representation of perfect humanity in its double aspect of male and female. Each, the masculine and the feminine, has its own peculiar type of perfection; and ignorantly to confuse them together, stupidly to attempt to make either replace the other, is to distort or destroy the whole of the higher Ethics.—That Abraham observed the whole law, is taught in "Yoma," fol. 28, *verso*, and in "Kiddushin," fol. 82. These are two treatises of the Babylonian Talmud.

‘Thou shalt not commit adultery,’ ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,’ and the rest. And thus some, and above all, Moses, heard and apprehended it more distinctly than others; for it was not an ordinary law as laws are among men. Woe to the man who sees in the Torah—the first five books of the Bible—“only simple recitals and ordinary language! For if such were in reality its contents. we, even we, could perhaps even in this age construct a law more worthy of admiration. To find only ordinary legislation, we need only address ourselves to the law-givers of the earth, in whose enactments we should often find a greater majesty. It would be enough to select laws, choosing from among their declarations and their precepts. But it is not so. The reason is that every word enshrines, like a casquet, some higher sense and some sublime mystery. If it were otherwise, why should David have said: ‘Open mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wonderful things out of thy Law’? What need would he have had of supernatural illumination, to understand points of ordinary legislation?\*

\* The second half of the above paragraph is part of the second article of the profession of faith of the Polish Christian Anti-Talmudical Zoharists who were founded about the year 1750 by a certain Jacob Frank, a Polish Jew, after the break down, in public reputation, of a previous Kabbalist sect, “the New Khassidhim,” or, as the phrase may be rendered, “the Latter Day Saints.” This part of the profession of faith in question is an almost textual citation from the Kabbalistic *Sepher Haz-zohar*, or “Book of the Light.” The “Latter Day Saints,” a mystical Jewish sect which still exists in Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, etc., was founded about ten years earlier by a Jewish thaumaturge or magician called Israel Ba’al Shem, or Israel the Master of the Name, *i.e.*, of the ineffable name now commonly spelt Jehovah, Jahve, Yahveh, Yahweh, etc., by a knowledge of which he was imagined to work miracles. In virtue of the Kabbalistic principle, that *the just man is the expiation of the universe*, this sect attributed to its chiefs the most exalted powers, and, among others, that of absolving from sin, of delivering from danger, and of curing sickness by prayer—on condition that the sufferer had *faith* in their supernatural intervention. It openly rejected not only the precepts of the Talmud, but all external religious observances, regarding them as incompatible with a profound knowledge of the Divine nature; recognised no other worship than prayer, carried to the height of contemplation, rapture, and ecstasy; and admitted no other teaching than the symbolical interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, after the fashion of the book Zohar, from the lips of its chiefs. It lost its reputation on account of practical disorders such as have so often disgraced mystical



"The husk, the outside of the Law, in this way became known to all Israel. But many details of the legal observances were not written down, and were committed to writing only in the Mishnah. The inner theology of the Law was also left unwritten, and was handed down as a Kabbalah"—the word Kabbalah means a tradition—"from Adam, and Abraham, and Moses, and the seventy elders who partook of the spirit of Moses. It consists of two parts. The first relates to the ways of God in creation, and these are taught in the Sepher Yetsireh. The second relates to the Divine nature and its glory, beheld by Moses and Isaiah, and by Ezekiel in the vision of the chariot.\*

sects, even the severe penances which were practised—such as fastings, disciplines, and hair shirts—becoming occasions of pride and of self-permission of license in other directions.—Jacob Frank, born in Poland in 1712, learnt the Kabbalah in the Crimea (where, probably from the time of the Assyrian Captivity, important Jewish communities anciently existed), and returned teaching, with modifications, the doctrines of Sabbathai-Zevi. He and his numerous followers were bitterly attacked by the Rabbis of the opposite or Talmudist party. Their Kabbalism having led them to approximate to Christianity, they asked and received the protection of the Bishop of Podolia, and secured a royal permission to live in Poland conformably to their principles and to found a distinct sect, under the name of Zoharites or Anti-Talmudists, because they based their teaching on Zohar and rejected the Talmud.—See "La Kabbale, ou la Philosophie Religieuse des Hebreux, par Ad. Franck, Membre de l'Institut." Paris, Hachette, 1889, pp. 295-312.—I have also made use of R. Hershon's "Talmudical Commentary on Genesis" (Bagster); of Dr. Ginsberg's excellent work on the Talmud and the Kabbalah; and of the writings of Emil Deutsch, whose articles in the *Quarterly Review* recalled attention to these subjects in this country.

\* Or moving throne. Ezechiel i. and viii.—x. Exodus xxxiii. 12—xxxiv. 9. Is. vi.—The first Mishnah of cap. 2 (fol. 11, *verso*) of the Talmudic treatise Khagigah—*i.e.*, on the Festivals, which were used by the Rabbis as occasions for giving religious instruction (confer Luke ii. 46)—shows the antiquity of this division. It is:—"No disquisitions concerning nakedness (Lev. xviii.) before three disciples; and none on the work of the Creation before two; and none on the chariot before one, unless he is wise, and able to understand by his own intelligence. As to everyone who searches on his own account into four things, what is above, what is below, what is before, and what follows (compare Rom. viii. 38, 39), better were it for him not to have come into the world. Whoever fails to be zealous in the honour of his Creator, it would have been better for him not to have come into the world" (compare Mark xiv. 21, "Good were it for that man if he had not been born"; and ix. 42). This Mishnah is followed in both Talmuds by a long Gemara, which makes it evident—if proof were needed—that mere literal commentary on the beginning of Genesis and of Ezechiel is not what is meant; for in



And this is the subject of the book Zohar. These two books contain the principles of the Kabbalah."

Such is, in substance, the Jewish tradition on the origin of the Kabbalah ; from which it will be perceived that the Kabbalah itself is a secret, esoteric, mystical, symbolical doctrine, in which a multitude of historical difficulties in the Law could easily be made to vanish, dissolved as it were in a sort of luminous haze. We have also seen that it was pushed to this extent by Israel Ba'al Shem, and his disciples ; and the idea has often occurred to students of the earlier Kabbalists that though these spoke, in conformity with common usage, of the Pentateuch having been written by Moses, and the like, they were as ready to place an esoteric interpretation on these expressions as on other portions of the Law. "Moses and Aaron," the book Zohar mysteriously says, "are the first man."\*

It was also from both it is said that the heads or leading points of the chapters or longer divisions (*pirqim*) may, under certain circumstances, be communicated without teaching the whole. A mystical exposition of the chariot is manifestly intended ; which is illustrated by the Babylonian Gemara interpreting of it the honey and milk under the tongue of the spouse, who is a spring shut up, a fountain sealed (Canticles iv. 11, 12). R. Yehudah's warning in the Mishnah about zeal for the Divine honour in expounding the laws against impurity *and* in expounding the Creation and the chariot, taken together with this interpretation of Canticles, suggest a reference to the amazing *tone* of the mysticism of Zohar. The eighteenth chapter of Leviticus is nothing to it. As to the nature of the exposition of the Creation, the Jerusalem Gemara says that if you would speak of the mysteries *before* Creation, you must do so in a whisper ; but, as to what followed the act of creation, you may proclaim it from one end of the world to the other. The esoteric teaching, consequently, related to what preceded creation—to the construction of the lines or plan which the visible creation followed, and therefore symbolised. It is precisely this which is the subject of the book Yetsireh. In both Gemaras, moreover, the mystical exposition is attributed to R. Simeon ben Zochai, and only four subsequent teachers are declared to have fully possessed themselves of it, or, in the symbolical language of the Talmud, to have gone up into Paradise. One, ben Zoma, "saw God [realised the perfection of the Divine nature], and died ; of whom it is written : precious to Jehovah is the death of His Saints." Another went mad, *i.e.*, carried the principles of the Kabbalah to insanely extravagant conclusions. The third "cut the plants," *i.e.*, scattered the disciples, because he despised the doctrine. The fourth, R. Akhibha, "came and departed in peace ; of whom it is said : Draw me ; we will run after thee ; the king hath brought me into his chambers" (Canticles i. 4).

\* The numerical value of the letters of "Moses and Aaron" in Hebrew, is 613, the same as that of "the first man."

Kabbalistic sources that the first modern declarations that the authorship of the Pentateuch is not literally to be ascribed to Moses originated. Ibn Ezra, a Spanish Jew of Toledo, who died A.D. 1167—during, of course, the Arabian occupation of Spain—and who is accounted by the Jews one of their most eminent commentators, expressed this opinion, in doubtless designedly mysterious language, in his commentary on Deut. i.: “These are the words which Moses spake.” “If,” he says, “thou shouldst attain to understand the secret of the twelve,” and, “Moses wrote this book,” Deut. xxxi. 6; and “The Canaanite was then in the land” [implying that the Canaanite was not there when the words were written], Genesis xii. 6; and “In the mountain of Jehovah he appeareth,” Genesis xxii. 4;\* and, “Behold his bed was a bed of iron,” Deut. iii. 11;—then thou wilt know the truth.” According to R. Moses of Narbonne, an esoteric Jewish school, with its secret writings, was formed at Toledo; and R. Moses ben Maimon, who was almost a contemporary of Ibn Ezra, informs us that he was attached to the school of the philosophers—to the semi-pantheistic philosophy widely diffused in the Middle Ages among the Arabians, and also among the Jews, who were closely associated with the Arabs and were their chief interpreters to the Western world. The dissemination of these ideas was assisted by the extrinsic authority accruing to the philosophers through their assiduous cultivation of the natural sciences, and especially of medicine; and Ibn Ezra does not pretend that he himself was the author of the opinion to which he gives expression in his commentary on Deut. i. and elsewhere. Writing on Genesis xxxvi. 31, “These are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom, before there reigned any king over the land of Israel,” he says that Isaac ben Suleiman (a Jewish physician who died

\* This saying is evidently interpreted by Ibn Ezra as referring to the Temple mountain, on which, according to Jewish tradition, Abraham’s sacrifice was offered. “The secret of the twelve” appears to be an allusion to the last twelve verses of Deuteronomy.

in North Africa, about A.D. 940) maintained that this section was written in the days of Jehoshaphat; and he identifies the Hadar of Genesis xxxvi. 35 with Hadad the Edomite (III [I] Kings xi. 14-20), the adversary of Solomon. It is also to be observed that the book Zohar, which gives a curious and in some respects important mystical interpretation of those kings of Edom, proceeded in its present shape from the esoteric Jewish schools of Spain; and still more worthy is it of notice that the opinions of Baruch Despinoza, or Spinoza, the founder of modern Pantheism on the one hand and of Rationalistic criticism on the other, were occasioned by the Kabbalah, though they were perversions of the Kabbalah, and went far beyond what the Kabbalists would have allowed. Spinoza was destined by his parents to become a Rabbi; in the course of his Jewish theological education he would have been instructed in, at least, the rudiments of Kabbalism; we know that he was acquainted with the commentary of Abraham Ibn Ezra on Deuteronomy, because he quotes it in his "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus"; and he attributes to the ancient Hebrews a *quasi*-Pantheism which only a knowledge of the Kabbalah could have caused him to ascribe to them.\* It is also remarkable that the ancient tradition which I have traced† through St. Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius Pamphilus, Clement of Alexandria, St. Basil, St. Isidore of Seville, St. Jerome, St. Cyril of Alexandria, and Macarius of Magnesia, that the Pentateuch in its present form proceeded from the hand of Ezra, was revived by a Catholic

\* The passages are quoted by Franck, p. 20: "That all things move and have their being in God, I affirm with Paul, and perhaps also, though after another fashion, with all the ancient philosophers; and, I will venture to say, with all the ancient Hebrews, as far as can be conjectured from certain traditions, which, however, have been much adulterated." (Epistle xxi.)—"This [Pantheism] some of the Hebrews appear to have perceived as if through a mist, when they declared that God, His intelligence, and the objects of His intelligence, are one and the same." ("Ethics," part ii., prop. 7, Scholion.)

† MERRY ENGLAND, No. 86.

*Kabbalist*, John Picus, Count of Mirandola and Prince of Concordia (1463—1494).<sup>\*</sup> Nor ought it to be forgotten that R. Yehudah, who has already<sup>†</sup> been quoted as teaching that Moses did not write the whole of the Pentateuch, was one of the disciples of R. Simon ben Yochai, the reputed author of Zohar, who died, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in the beginning of the second century of the Christian Era. Of what age, then, is the Kabbalah? The apocryphal fourth book of Esdras, written in the closing years of the first century, in which we found the first still extant written statement that the Pentateuch as we now have it proceeded from the hand of Esdras or Ezra, belongs to the same mental atmosphere as the Kabbalah and the Talmud, and by belonging to it testifies to its antiquity.<sup>‡</sup> There is, also, an intimate connexion between the

<sup>\*</sup> Picus held the idea that Ezra committed the Kabbalah itself to writing. "When," he says (in his "Apology," Introduction, Ed. Venet. 1557, fol. 15, *verso*), "after the Captivity, the Jews applied their minds to the restoration of the Law, Ezra, after the book of Moses had been *emendatum*, emended, understanding that the secret doctrine could not persist [unless it were likewise written down], ordained that each of the sages who remained should declare what he knew of the mysteries of the Law, and had these written down in seventy volumes, this number being approximately the number of the elders in the Great Assembly." The opinion that Moses wrote, not the whole Pentateuch, but only Deuteronomy, which in recent years has become quite common, first came to light, as far as I have seen, in the "Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica" of the Abbate Bartholocci, vol. iv. p. 185. The volume was published after Bartholocci's death by a continuator who made use of his notes, and the opinion is given as one which is to be avoided, though, it is remarked, it might be suggested by Deut. xxvii. 8 and xxxi. 9, 22.

<sup>†</sup> MERRY ENGLAND, No. 86, p. 149, *sqq.*

<sup>‡</sup> The book is full of ideas and expressions which are afterwards continually met with in the mouths of the Kabbalists and Talmudists, not, assuredly, because they borrowed them from its author, but simply because he used the phraseology of his time, and of the secret wisdom (4 Esdras xiv. 46) of which he claimed to be an expounder. Thus he calls Rome Babylon (iii. 1) and the Romans Esau (iii. 16, etc.); a practice common in the Kabbalistic and Talmudical writings, and based on mystical interpretations as well as on reasons of prudence. He anticipates that the deliverance of the Jews from the Roman yoke will be due in part to the return of the ten "lost" tribes, for whom the course of the Euphrates will be arrested (xiii. 39-47.) He has names of angels—Uriel and Salathiel—of whom we read in him for the first time, though they are afterwards met with in the Kabbalah and Talmud (iv. 1; v. 16, 20). He refers to previous destructions of the world ("and the world shall be turned into its ancient silence



fourth book of Esdras and the Apocalypse of St. John, so that some Rationalistic authors, and in particular Ewald, have supposed the Apocalypse to have been moulded on Esdras; but while the dates and other circumstances show the borrowing to have been the other way, it is very significant that a Kabbalistic writer—and as such we may fairly describe the author of the fourth Esdras—should have turned to the Apocalypse as a model suitable for him to imitate.\* That his imitation should be on an altogether lower plane was only to be expected in an uninspired author, but it has no tendency to disprove the fact of imitation. Not that the Esdraist's use of the Kabbalah disproves his inspiration. It is his heterodoxy which disproves it. Even an inspired author must use the materials for metaphor and symbolism, and the phraseology, of his time. And there is abundant evidence, both within the Apocalypse and outside it

for seven days, as in the former judgments, so that none shall be left," vii. 30), such as are also referred to in Zohar. He is the first to mention the Messianic feast on Leviathan and Behemoth, whom he calls Henoah (vi. 49), which makes so great a figure in later Jewish legend, and was probably intended to be interpreted metaphorically, of victory over the world-powers. He teaches the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls (iv. 41). He writes that the earth stood still at the giving of the Law (iii. 18). He declares that Paradise was created before the rest of the world (iii. 6). He is thus a valuable witness to the antiquity of many Jewish traditions which he happens to make use of.

\* St. John also speaks of Rome as Babylon (Apoc. xvi. 18), and the red colour of the beast (xii. 3, etc.) is, perhaps, an allusion to the word Edom, which in Hebrew means red, and was given to Esau on occasion of his supplanting Jacob (Genesis xxv. 30). In connexion with the interpretation which explains Apoc. xii. of the Blessed Virgin, it may be noticed that Herod, the representative of the Roman power in Palestine—for that was really his position—was an Edomite. In connexion with the dragon appearing in Heaven (Apoc. xii. 3), it may also be remarked that the constellation of the dragon is one of those frequently mentioned in the Kabbalistic and Talmudical writings. From another point of view, the evil living creatures in the Apocalypse are apparently Leviathan (the dragon or serpent), and Behemoth (the beast), on the flesh of whose adherents the birds of the air are summoned by angels to feast (Apoc. xviii. 17-21). With 4 Esdras xiii. 39-47, Apoc. xvi. 12 may be compared. With Apoc. xiv. 1, "I saw, and behold, the Lamb standing on the Mount Sion," and Apoc. xxi. 2, "And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God," may be compared 4 Esdras xiii. 35, "He shall stand upon the summit of Mount Sion, and Sion shall come, and shall be shown to all, prepared and built." The "third trumpet" (Apoc. viii. 10) also appears in 4 Esdras (v. 2).

that St. John was acquainted with and made use of the Kabbalah—or, if the reader prefers the expression, of what afterwards grew into the Kabbalah.

Was there, then, an underground tradition, touched on by the Esdraist and, later, by R. Yehudah, and reappearing in the twelfth century when the secrets of the Kabbalah were divulged, that the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch was not altogether to be taken as it sounds? It is remarkable that the first of the Christian fathers in whose extant writings we find the tradition of its Esdraic redaction is Irenæus, who belonged to the school of St. John—that school, which, at first establishing itself in Asia Minor, was scattered by persecution and continued in Alexandria, and to which we have seen the Esdraist to have been indebted.\* Nor ought we to omit that Ptolemy, a Valentinian heretic against whom the treatise of St. Irenæus, “*Adversus Hæreses*,” was chiefly directed, and who in his letter to Flora disputes the entire Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, was by no means a stranger to the Kabbalah; and that the heretics whose opinions are represented in the Clementine Homilies, and among whose opinions it was that the entire Pentateuch was not written by the Jewish law-giver, belonged to what has been called the “Petrine party.” These heretics distorted traditions about St. Peter, doubtless; but at the same time, they would be likely to retain traditions respecting him; and it was probably from a belief in their having done so that so many more or less perfectly orthodox adaptations of their works were made. Now of St. Peter St. John was a constant companion.

But, it may be asked with reason, is the antiquity of the Kabbalah really so great? In reply, a distinction must be made. The book Zohar is the principal Kabbalistic book. It was put

\* The connexion of Irenæus with the school of St. John has been fully discussed in MERRY ENGLAND, No. 87. There is no reason for believing Irenæus to have been acquainted with the fourth book of Esdras.

together in its present form by R. Moses of Leon in the thirteenth century, and is a mystical commentary on the Pentateuch, with dissertations on special subjects occasionally thrown in. The book is not complete, but its *lacunæ* are supplemented by commentaries—"The Faithful Shepherd," "Sparks of Fire," etc.—by which it is accompanied; and its general idea is that R. Simeon ben Yochai and his disciples assembled together after the destruction of Jerusalem and that he explained to them the mysteries of the Law. That R. Simeon did something of the kind is likely enough, for he was an eminent and well-known mystic; but the book professes to give his and their remarks and explanations with a fulness and minuteness in which it is perfectly impossible that they should have been preserved. The account which it supplies of R. Simeon himself is, moreover, obviously in part mythical; and it attributes to him what cannot by any possibility have fallen from his lips—an explanation of the alteration of the letters on the Mezouza,\* for instance, and a discourse about the Saracens†. It has consequently been imagined—and a cock-and-bull story to that effect was circulated by Talmudistic Rabbis after R. Moses's death—that Zohar was forged by R. Moses; but it may be said with the utmost confidence that the style of the book Zohar is far too minutely elaborated, its

\* Zohar i. 18, *verso*, and 23. The edition of Zohar I have used is that of Willna, 3 vols.

† Quoted by Franck (p. 71), who, however, gives no reference.—"Woe to the time when Ishmael was born into the world and put on the sign of circumcision! For what did the Holy One do, blessed be His name? He excluded the children of Ishmael from the heavenly union. But, as they had the merit of having adopted the sign of the covenant, he reserved for them here below a part in the possession of the Holy Land. The children of Ishmael are, then, destined to reign over the Holy Land, and they will prevent the children of Israel from returning thither. But that will continue only till the merit of the children of Ishmael is exhausted. Then they will stir up terrible wars in the world; the children of Edom [Rome] will gather themselves against them and do battle with them, some on land, some on sea, others near Jerusalem. Victory will be on the side sometimes of the one and sometimes of the other; but the Holy Land will not be delivered into the hands of the children of Edom"—*i.e.*, the Crusaders.

manner far too varied, and its matter too full and diversified, for it to have proceeded from the brain of any single human being. Nor would it have met with such wide reception when it was published, had it not been rich in traditions already known to the disciples of the secret doctrine, and valued by them as of venerable antiquity. Like the Talmud, it was probably put together partly from fragmentary antecedent documents, and partly from oral recitals; but as to oral recitals, the old Rabbis had iron memories. The casual reader has little idea of the extent and the success with which the human memory was cultivated in ancient times, when there were no printed books handy for easy reference; and it often happened that the remembrance of the sage—casually interrogated and having to reply from what came first into his mind—was more to be trusted than the narratives of the writer who had leisure to concoct plausible histories in his study. There are proper names in the Talmud which have been recovered from the Egyptian monuments and had been preserved among the Jews for two thousand years by oral tradition, in spite of the usually arbitrary and apparently senseless character of proper names.\*

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Anything mystical, whether of great antiquity or not, was likely to be attributed to R. Simeon ben Yochai by an admirer ; and thus R. Moses of Leon uncritically ascribed to his hero what could not have proceeded from him. He was not likely to exclude a passage about the Saracens and the Crusaders because of a preconceived opinion that R. Simeon could not have foreseen the future. How, then, are we to distinguish in Zohar what is new and what is old? The answer is, that a number of checks are at our disposal. Among these, no single check is more valuable than that supplied by the writings of Philo Judæus.

Philo was an Alexandrian Jew, with whose writings R. Moses of Leon and those from whom he drew could not possibly have been acquainted. He was born twenty or thirty years before the Christian Era, and lived to an advanced age, employing the leisure with which the possession of a private fortune furnished him, in the composition of numerous short writings, designed to recommend Mosaism to the philosophical and thinking pagan citizens of Alexandria, and to confirm his fellow-Jews in their zeal for their religion. Either he was not acquainted with Hebrew, or, as is perhaps more probable, he had no knowledge of it on which he felt he could rely in the mystical interpretations which he chiefly valued ; but his detached treatises on the creation of the world, the posterity of Cain, on agriculture, etc., are, nevertheless, tractates on the interpretation of corresponding parts of the Torah. The tractate on agriculture, for instance, has for its leading idea the text : " And Noah became a husbandman, and planted a vineyard." The book Zohar, " The Book of the Light," is also divided into a number of sections. They usually begin by a short commentary, a sort of sermon, on some text of Holy Scripture outside the Pentateuch—a text often taken from that mystical book, the Canticle of Canticles. After this the proper business of the section, the interpretation of a portion of the Torah, is proceeded with. The first section,

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for instance, commences, in a lofty mystical style, with "In the beginning the power and will of the King inscribed writings"—which, by the context, is ascertained to mean fixed laws—"in the splendour of the light, on high, in a lamp of Armenia"—the lamp of Armenia, the vehicle of the spiritual light, being the spiritual or higher Eden, the archetypal garden of God. This section is called *B'rêshîth*, *i.e.*, "In the beginning," and has for its subject the first few chapters of Genesis—the angelic hosts, their fall, and the fall in their human symbols which was consequent on it. The next section begins from "These are the generations of Noah (Genesis vi. 9), and is entitled "Noakh"; the third is entitled "Lach lach," *i.e.*, "Go, go," from the words of Genesis (xii. 1), with which it opens; and similarly as to most of the sections succeeding it, which receive their names from the opening words of the Pentateuchal text. The result is that it is not so very difficult to compare the sections in Zohar with the tractates of Philo, or to look out for a section in Zohar where some likely word or phrase taken up by Philo will perhaps be illustrated. The local colouring, as we may call it, is, of course, different. Zohar is full of Hebrew words taken in recondite senses, and of plays on words (to which great importance is attached) by which the phraseology is rendered more obscure than even Zohar would otherwise be. In the Greek of Philo all this is necessarily absent; and the absence makes it so much the clearer. In Philo, too, points are set down as logically or mystically connected with other points. In Zohar they are set down because Simeon ben Yochai, or some other Rabbi, stated them. But these differences may, without much difficulty, be discounted. There is also in Zohar a multitude of Hebrew names of angels and spiritual powers. These, if they existed in Philo's time, would not have recommended Mosaism to philosophical Greeks. And we do not find them in his writings.

But, the Græcism of Philo apart, what is the result of a comparison between his tractates and Zohar? It is that the two



substantially coincide; and no stronger proof of the substantial antiquity of Zohar could be given. Nor is Philo the only check.

This and other connected subjects of interest must, however, be left for the next occasion.

X. Y. Z.

*(To be continued.)*

### *Reviews and Views.*

FORGOTTEN COLLEGES. **T**HE record made by Father Raymund Palmer of the forgotten College in which so many English Dominicans were trained for difficult times, is an achievement rare in these days of ornamental history. In such first-hand research, and such gathering of the authentic material of history, we have the antithesis of that ready-made picturesque manner for weariness whereof we are willing to go back to the disinterested historical style of our fathers : " So-and-so advanced by forced marches, notwithstanding the decimation of his troops. . . . The garrison were put to the sword, and the women and children sold into slavery." This is all so cheerfully generalised, and so free from anything that can possibly be called quaint, or weird, or Saxon, or pathetic, or powerful, or realistic, or anything else that Mr. Rider Haggard is. Equally welcome as an antidote is such a preparation for history as Father Palmer has made in his list of the friars and students, studies and ordinations in the English College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Louvain.

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PROFESSOR MIVART. **D**R. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S., has paid his first visit to Louvain University in his capacity as Professor of Biological Science. Since the days of Dun Scotus we have had no conspicuous instance of

a British subject being requisitioned by a foreign University to accept a high post on the teaching staff. The lecturer, who spoke in French, had the honour of opening the new series of lectures—not directly connected with theology, but embracing the best thoughts of modern science—which Louvain is giving, and is giving with the warm approbation of the Pontiff, who has himself contributed a large sum to the inevitable expenses. The object of Professor Mivart's course of lectures was to represent what appears to the author to be the mode of regarding the living world most accordant with our experience of nature, the mind of man therein included. The following may be useful as a summary of the six lectures which comprise the course:—

LECTURE I.—The functions common to all living organisms, *i.e.*, the processes of nutrition and generation.

LECTURE II.—The functions of animal life—especially sensation, imagination, and emotion.

LECTURE III.—The intellect, pointing out the fundamental distinctions existing between our lower and our higher mental faculties.

LECTURE IV.—Principles the recognition of which is absolutely necessary for science, *i.e.*, that all science (physical or otherwise) is deprived of a logical basis if such necessary and universal truths, such elementary facts, and such laws of reasoning are not recognised as valid.


LECTURE V.—Certain phenomena of nature reconsidered—using those which seem to favour a mechanical conception of the universe and the continuous evolution of all forms of life from inorganic matter.

LECTURE VI.—Was directed to establish the real existence of interruptions in the continuity of nature between the non-living and the living, between the insentient and the sentient, and between the irrational and the rational. It was argued that the essentially immaterial and spiritual nature of man was a first truth of science, and that analogy indicated that living organism was a composition of matter and a special form of

energy or force equivalent to the "form" of the scholastic philosophy. This was not, however, asserted to be an absolutely evident truth, but only the most really *scientific* explanation at which the study of nature, including man, had as yet enabled us to arrive.

A French edition of the lectures has already gone to press

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TWENTY "MODERN MEN" is a selection from  
 PORTRAITS.  the *Scots Observer* series, heralded by a preface wherein the reader gets a somewhat too bitter taste of what is to come. The writer of this has not withstood the temptation to extremes, forgetting that beyond all the distinctions he has achieved there is still the rarest yet to get—a sensitive justice that will not compromise the very chastity of self-respect by letting its judgments seem too emphatic by a word, too hasty by a moment. But perhaps we are ourselves lacking in that composed liberality which we are praising, when we would exact it from a temperament of exceptional vitality. The qualities of which Mr. Henley has the defects are great ones; he is able to go far and fast, and it is an intolerant modesty that would press him too urgently to practise the poise of pause. We are more sure of the justice of our protest when we ask him never more to let a mere sharp phrase commit injustice in his name and under his hand. Of such a self-surrender to a word lesser men are not ashamed; it is unworthy of him. As an instance, let us mention a hateful antithesis in this preface: "These twenty literary portraits . . . have been selected and arranged with a view to variety of interest and effect. Thus, Mr. Arthur Balfour is contrasted with Mr Parnell, the P. R. A. with a painter, etc." But, turning to the article itself on Sir Frederick Leighton, we find that the writer is not without a sense of the dignity of design, the nobility, and the singleness of aim of this distinguished artist. The criticism is hostile and illiberal, but it is not easily scornful; it takes for




granted certain principles that might more appropriately be the subject of an educated hesitation, but it does not shoulder its adversary out of the way or insult him with a laugh.

A SCHOOL OF  
ENGLISH.

**A**ND yet—a laugh is such sufficient language at times ! We would not do a fine critic the wrong to ask him to explain it or to justify it. It is justified. Close on the very sentence of which we have complained comes the continuation : “ Mr. Lewis Morris with a poet ; ” and the reader is at once convinced that the method of antithesis is righteous. To come to the essays themselves, however. Their point of phrase, their alertness and vigilance of manner, and the force of their admirable English, are the fit utterance of matter full of wisdom. The judgment is almost always nobly right as to all literary points at issue ; and the literature of the little volume remains surer and stronger, as it is less dogmatic and impatient, than the art or the politics. But equally good with the literary judgments are the appreciations of some modern men as men rather than as producers—essays in contemporary human nature. Among these the paper on Mr. Spurgeon is a masterpiece. Of the work of no writers besides the group working at present with Mr. Henley could it be said, as it is to be said of this little volume, that it is a school of style.

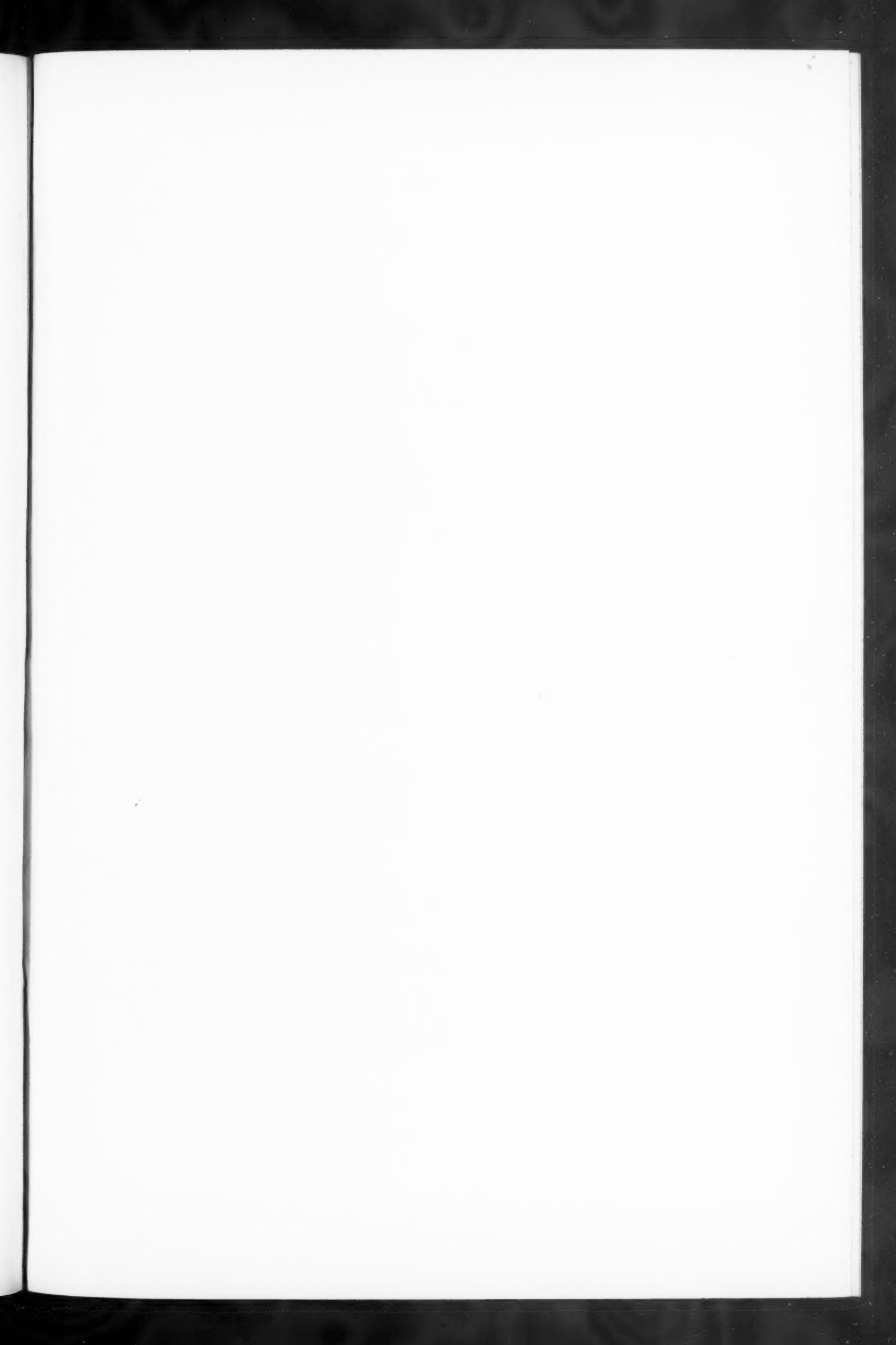
FRONTISPIECE.

 **ONE** of the sweetest of all Tuscan “ Nativities,” is the picture reproduced in our frontispiece. Fra Filippo Lippi's career occurred at a moment when the whole movement of Florentine art all but compelled a singular composure and loveliness of expression and design. Spirituality was ready-made, and not costly to come by, to judge by the career of the poor friar who drew this beautiful

Madonna. But if the spirit of the time drew for Fra Filippo the innocent and recollected faces of this Nativity, it found in his hand a most delicate instrument. In conception the picture is obviously not a Nativity properly so called, but a mystical composition uniting—under the blessing of a symbol of the Eternal Father—the Madonna and Child, a monk-Saint whom our more well-informed readers may be able to distinguish by the accessory branch, and St. John the Baptist. This being so, the painter needs no excuse for making the Holy Child half-a-year old. But in pictures of the Nativity as an event, it might have been wished that the painters of mediæval schools had had the courage to paint the Bambino new-born. Evidently, denying themselves any luxury of beauty in the adult figures, they indulged an innocent admiration of the flesh by drawing a well-developed infant, over-robust, indeed—"fat and well-liking" beyond what a tenderer taste approves. For this reason, they would have neither swaddling clothes nor the meagreness of the newly-born.

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"GLORY TO THE **3** T was left for modern feeling, with its much  
NEWLY BORN." greater love of childhood, to adore the  
Child Jesus "three hours old," as in Miss May Probyn's lovely  
Carol. Fritz von Uhde has painted a Nativity in a modern  
Bavarian stable with a pale Madonna sitting up in her bed to  
worship a swaddled Child curled, helpless, not a day old, over  
her knees. In the Arts and Crafts Exhibition there is a  
Bambino by a Catholic sculptor—Miss Brown—not new-born,  
perhaps, but much younger than the Bambino of the Italian  
tradition; the figure, moreover, in this very devotional work,  
has a childlike unconsciousness and a simplicity of attitude,  
also happily modern.





PENCIL SKETCH OF MISS KATHARINE TYNAN.

*By Mr. J. B. Yeats.*